The Centre Reporter.

VOL { OLD SERIES, XL. NEW SERIES XVIII | CENTRE HALL, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1885. | NO. 46.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r.

The Philadelphia *Record* nominates Hon. William A. Wallace, of Clearfield, for Governor.

A New Jersey Judge decided that a man may shoot rabbits on his own ground any time.

The Greeks and Macedonians now talk of having a war. Those fellows over in Europe seem to be spoiling for a fight all around.

Many farmers in Union and Snyder counties were taken in by the Bohemian oats swindle. One party estimates the notes given will run up to fully $20,000.

Bob Cassidy's paper, the *Keystone Gazette*, says it don't want to lick anybody but the Democrats. Well, as that includes "we," pitch in once and see who'll pay the Fiedler.

Jumbo not only lost his life in the railroad accident, but he lost his trunk as well.—Middleburg *Post*.

What a pity for that *trunk*, it might have killed some half dozen baggage smashers had it not been "lost."

Vesuvius is again in a state of eruption. The lava is streaming down on the west side of the mountain, and some alarm is expressed, as the Observatory authorities believe that the eruption will become more serious than it is at present.

Some time since we received a copy of the American Newspaper Annual for '82, published by N. W. Ayer & Son, Philad. This is a carefully prepared and valuable work, and to printers and general advertisers it is especially useful, and they cannot well do without it. It contains a valuable mine of statistics of general use.

We occasionally hear a little talk of a soldiers' monument for this (Union) county; but it is rather weak talk as the subject is rather a delicate one at present.—Lewisburg *Argus*.

So, and all this in the Republican county of Union! no monument yet for the soldier!

The Republican office-holders in Philadelphia have at last been removed, post-master, surveyor, shipping commissioner, and U. S. marshal. Good and competent Democrats have been appointed. Now let the work of removal go on briskly all over—the Democrats are entitled to the offices.

In selecting a candidate for United States Senator in Oregon, the Legislature had to make a choice between two evils. The Republican party which was in the majority represented two candidates. They were George H. Williams and John H. Mitchell. The Democrats chose the lesser evil and voted for Mitchell.

John Hipple Mitchell is not an angel, but the public records fail to show any dishonesty against his official life. He has considerable ability, and between him and Williams the advantages are all on his side. No apology is needed therefore for the action of the Democrats in electing him over Williams.

Local happenings are scarce this week—the streets are muddy—the doctors have nothing to do—marrying is dull—the croaker ain't dead yet—subscribers ain't paying up fast—Mahone is going among the cow-boys—Thanksgiving's here and no gobular to roast—six papers and other lesser evils in Bellefonte—Cleveland's slow putting out the publicans and sinners—across the way a fellow is going for a vendue or a funeral to get a good square meal free—two judges, both married, courting at Bellefonte last week—congress to meet in a week—Logan threatens to write a history—last but not least a fellow cheats us out of 2 years' subscription—"O, for a lodge in some vast wilderness."

It is the general impression that the opposition to the deal between the Pennsylvania and Mr. Vanderbilt for the transfer of the South Pennsylvania to the former will prove futile, and that the courts will be powerless to prevent it, but the acquisition of the Beech Creek, Clearfield and Southwestern will be attended with some difficulty. The majority of the parties in interest seem determined to prevent it if possible, and are quite ready to pay the money to prevent it. The company had a floating debt of about $1,300,000, and it is proposed to assess the stock 26 per cent. in order to discharge the debt, and then go ahead, if needs be, procure a judicial sale of the property, so as to get the best price possible and to compel the Pennsylvania to buy it in competition with other parties in the open market. This road is in a very different position from the South Pennsylvania, and it is by no means certain that Mr. Vanderbilt can deliver a controlling interest.

THE NEW POLITICAL FIRM.

It is evident that the near future will witness some very strange eruptions in the Republican party of this state. The nomination of Col. Quay was not an agreeable consummation to Cameron and Magee, and his election was little more desirable. But his present purpose of pressing General Beaver on the convention of next year for Governor is more positively distasteful, and unless the signs are deceptive it will create positive revolt.

The Republican factions in the State are no longer Cameron on the one side and the Independents on the other. The lines now clearly show the Senator and Mr. Magee at the head of one faction and Quay and Beaver leading the other. There is no mugwumping about that. It is a couple of hostile lines in which stalwarts are facing each other. The strange feature of it is that Quay and Beaver are not on top, and, unless they have lost their cunning, will stay there.

Gen. Beaver may be said therefore to be Quay's man for Governor. Of course this implies a reciprocal service in the Senatorial election that will follow. Gen. Beaver has made his political bed and Cameron and Magee have little to hope from the combination which he has effected.—*Patriot*.

THREE UNITED STATES SENATORS.

There is nothing in the elections this fall that affords a sufficient basis for the Republican boast that the results foreshadow the choice of Republican Senators in Congress as successors of Warner Miller in New York, Joseph R. Hawley in Connecticut, and William J. Sewell in New Yersey.

On the contrary, these results clearly show that the Democrats have at the very least a fair fighting chance for securing Legislatures next year that will give them the three Senators. There have been such Democratic gains in the legislative contests of this fall as to prove that if the tide sets with equal force in the same direction in 1886 the Republicans will loose these Senators.

Moreover, each of the present Senators has fixed his eye on another term, and is clinging to his post with terrible tenacity, while eager rivals are distracting the party by plotting to oust him. This has already aroused controversies in New York, Connecticut and New Jersey that will crop out when their Legislatures assemble in the coming winter, and grow more bitter as the time approaches when the question is to be put to the test of votes. So says the N. Y. *Sun*.

The nailers' strike has assumed a new phase, one in which it is no longer capital against labor, but it is now labor and capital against capital. This new development is nothing more than the fact that Eastern nail manufactories are furnishing the sinews of war to the striking nailers in the Western district, and they will furnish the nailers with money till the strike ends one way or the other.

The Eastern manufacturers see ruin staring them in the face if the nail operators of the West are able to force the 17-cent scale on the nailers, their trade is gone and they must shut up their mills. There has never been much love between the Eastern and Western manufacturers of either iron or nails, and at nearly any time they have been commercially willing to cut each other's throats.

At the conference of the coal operators and officials of the Miners' Association at Pittsburg, on 18, a compromise was effected on a basis of the operators proposition, guaranteeing a year's steady work at 2½ cents per bushel for mining. Work will be resumed in all the river mines. The strike was inaugurated five months ago and affected 5,000 men. There is great rejoicing along the river over the settlement.

The esteemed *Keystone Gazette* argues that as four Democratic papers can live in Centre county, why can't two Republican papers get along. The four Democratic papers don't live tho', they simply exist, Bob.

Mr. Moody has made a five-years' contract with a new "sweet singer," formerly a teacher of music in Honesdale, who is to accompany him on his European tour.

Boston Buck, chief of the Clarion "shovers of the queer," and admitted by the Pittsburg police to be the shrewdest criminal in the State, is a native of Centre county.

Lock Haven, Nov. 24.—A heavy snow storm has prevailed here since Sunday night without cessation. The snow on the hills is reported to be three feet deep and it is still snowing.

Two girls belonging to the Salvation Army, at Nanticoke, entertained the audience with a pugilistic exhibition the other night. On being separated one struck the other with a stone, terribly mutilating her face and inflicting a probably fatal wound.

Jerry Miller, an old Sullivan county hunter, came off victorious in a lively tussel with a big bear. Bruin closed in on Jerry, yanked his coat off, tore his shirt to shreds, and lacerated his body terribly. At last the plucky old hunter got his eighteen-inch knife out and plunged it to the hilt into the bear's heart, killing the animal instantly.

HIS DEAD SON ALIVE.

THE PRAYERS OF THE RIGHTEOUS AVAILETH MUCH.

After Many Years a Father's Reputation is Cleared of a Terrible Suspicion by His Mourned Boy's Return.

Mifflintown, Pa., Nov. 12.—At the extreme western end of Juniata county, near Waterloo, at a point where the counties of Huntingdon, Franklin, Perry and Juniata join each other, there lives a family by the name of Divinney, over whom a cloud of murder has been hanging for many years.

Porter Divinney was in the habit of having frequent quarrels with his young son, sometimes becoming so angry that he threatened the lad's life. Several years ago while the father and son were engaged at work in the field, his father ordered the boy to go on an errand, but he refused. The father became very much enraged and beat his son, telling the lad that if he did not obey he would kill him. The son took his departure from the father in a melancholy mood, and was not seen or heard of in the community from that time.

About two years after the above occurrence a party of sportsmen, who were hunting on the mountains near Roxbury Franklin county, came upon the charred remains of a human being, and suspicion was at once aroused that the bones were those of young Divinney, who had so mysteriously disappeared. Upon the discovery being made the father appeared to be frantic with grief, and at once made information against his cousin, W. H. Knox, of near Blairs' Mills, Huntingdon county, charging him with the murder of his son, and Knox was arrested and lodged in jail at Chambersburg, Franklin County. Knox declared his innocence, and a number of prominent citizens went to Chambersburg in his behalf and proved an alibi, showing to the satisfaction of all that he was not in the neighborhood at the time the crime was supposed to have been committed, and he was released from custody. The opinion was expressed that Porter Divinney was guilty of murdering his own son, and almost the entire community heartily acquiesced, and a warrant was issued for his arrest. Divinney was taken before a Justice, and although what appeared to be ample circumstantial evidence was given to hold him on the charge of homicide, the justice deemed it insufficient, and he was also given his liberty. Although the Justice declared him innocent the citizens looked upon him and believed him the real murderer.

Divinney had always been regarded as a man of a very wicked disposition, but from the day of his acquittal before the Justice his neighbors refused to be friendly with him, and in their minds looked upon him as a murderer, although his great grief shown at least entitled him to a doubt of being guilty of the terrible crime. It is said the boy's mother even was moved by the mountain of evidence to doubt the father's innocence.

Life and its burden became unbearable, and Divinney sought refuge in the spirit of God, at a religious revival held in Waterloo, casting his load upon Him whose love passeth all understanding, and since that time the repentant man has lived the life of a consistent and conscientious Christian. He has publicly prayed to God for the deliverance of his son, so that the community would be satisfied that he was innocent of the charge of murder. But notwithstanding his prayers, the dark suspicion of murder was still in the minds of the people. At home it is said the father and mother of the boy, although living under the same roof and eating from the same table, would rarely speak to each other.

Years passed by, and the people still believed that the bones found on the mountain near Roxbury were those of young Divinney, and that the father was the murderer. One day last week, to the surprise of all, and to the great joy of the grief-stricken parents, the son who was mourned as dead made his appearance at the old homestead, alive and well, but grown almost to manhood. The mother could hardly believe that he who stood before her was her son who left home so suddenly and mysteriously many years ago. But he gave so full an account of his departure and wanderings since that eventful day when his father and he quarrelled in the field, that all doubts in the mother's mind were set at rest, and the father, mother and long-lost son embraced each other and gave praise to God amid a throng of neighbors for the safe deliverance of their beloved son, and the removal of the terrible charge that had clung to the father for so many years.

The lad when he left the parental roof wandered through the country until he landed in one of the Western States, where he engaged work with a farmer and remained there until a few weeks ago, when he was made cognizant of the charge against his father, and he decided to pay his parents a visit, and thus relieved the odium that was weighing on the father's mind, and with this idea in view he arrived home last week. It was truly a happy relief to the father, who had grown aged through grief. The family that has been despondent and gloomy is now a happy family. It still remains a mystery as to whom the remains found on the mountain near Roxbury belonged.

HE MISSED THE KITTEN.

Honesdale, Pa., Nov. 18.—Milton Beisucker, returned from hunting yesterday and entered the house of his employer, Mrs. Judge Hamlin, and deliberately pointing his gun at a daughter, Roey Hamlin, who sat in a room holding a kitten in her lap, exclaimed, "Hold still and I will shoot the cat." Before Miss Hamlin could arise, Beisucker fired. The shot took effect in the young woman's wrist, and amputation may be necessary. Beisucker's excuse was that he thought the gun was not loaded.

A RAILROAD CIRCUIT.

WHAT CAN BE SEEN IN A RIDE OF TWELVE HOURS.

From Williamsport to Bellefonte and Then Down the Valleys of Nittany, Penns and Buffalo to Lewisburg—The Distance.

[Williamsport Gazette and Bulletin.]

Since the completion of the Bellefonte, Nittany and Lemont railroad, from the former to the latter place, a distance of nine miles, a complete circuit can be made from Williamsport via Lock Haven, Bellefonte, Centre Hall, Spring Mills, Mifflinburg, Lewisburg, Montandon, Milton and Watsontown, to the place of beginning. Leaving Williamsport at 7:25 in the morning you can run up to Lock Haven, arriving there at 8:25. At 9 you leave for Bellefoute over the Bald Eagle Valley road, and reach there at 10:35. As the train over the Lewisburg and Tyrone railroad does not depart until 1 p. m., you have ample time for dinner and to look around the town which is founded on limestone rocks; to view the great spring; take a glance at the ancient court house, and meet some of the staid, solid citizens. Leaving at the hour indicated you reach Lewisburg at 5:35 p. m., and Montandon at 5:50, where a close connection is made with the up train on the Philadelphia and Erie railroad, and Williamsport is reached at 7 p. m. About twelve hours will be consumed in making the circuit of one hundred and fifty miles No more interesting trip can be made in this section of the state, where more diversified and charming scenery can be viewed. The route takes in over sixty miles of the valley of the West Branch, with mountains on both sides, then runs through a canon in the Bald Eagle range to Bellefonte, passes down the rich and highly cultivated valleys of Nittany and Penns, striking the edge of Brush valley. At Spring Mills the scenery again becomes wild and mountainous and the traveler cannot fail to be impressed with its rugged grandeur. Once through the mountain gorge the Eden of Union county, Buffalo valley, is entered, and as the train dashes down to Lewisburg many of the finest farms in the state are passed.

A RICH COUNTRY.

A run around the circuit the other day proved particularly interesting and pleasant. The soft haze of Indian summer hung upon mountain and plain and added much to the softness and beauty of the land scape. At Lemont, a pretty little town with neat churches and cozy house, you have a splendid view of the State College, about two and a half miles away. It looks stately and grand as viewed from the car windows, and the rich agricultural country which surrounds it never fails to impress one with the conviction that he is in a land of extraordinary fertility and richness. The point of the mountain behind Lemont is the dividing line between Nittany and Penns Valleys, and as the town is passed the railroad bears down the latter valley toward the east. At Centre Hall Fred Kurtz, editor and publisher of the Centre Hall *Reporter*, came aboard the train. He has lived here for a quarter of a century, and unlike the majority of newspaper publishers, has prospered and grown rich. He owns a fine flouring mill, a farm, supplies the town with water, and runs his own newspaper. On being interrogated concerning his business he said:

"Yes, I furnish the literature, the bread and water for the people of this section. My mill is supplied with the latest and most improved machinery for making flour by the roller process, and we have a capacity to make seventy barrels a day."

"Wheat raised in these limestone valleys is choice, is it not?"

"Very fine indeed, and it makes a superior article of flour. I intend to double the capacity of my mill soon."

"Do you run the farm yourself?"

"No,—I don't attend to the farming. It is conducted by a farmer."

"Have you been engaged in the printing business long?"

"A good many years. I came from York and learned the printing business when a boy. Many years ago I worked in Williamsport for my brother, who published a German weekly paper. I always liked the trade of a printer and still work at it."

"You established the *Reporter*?"

"Yes; after leaving Williamsport I came here and founded it. When I bought the type I looked around for a cheap hand press, so that if I failed I would not have much money invested in that kind of machinery. In the office of the old Lycoming *Gazette* I found an old fashioned Smith press, which had been used to print that paper, and I bought it. That was at the time when Theodore Wright was editing the paper. After using the old press some time my business increased so much that I was obliged to buy a power press and throw it aside. But I have it yet and it is quite a relic.

ROCKS AND SPRINGS.

Spring Mills, at the entrance of the gorge which forms the outlet to Buffalo Valley, is becoming a place of note on account of its charming surroundings, fine springs and the wonderful cave near by. As a pleasure resort it is already favorably known, and many people visit it in the summer time. The hotel, a large and imposing structure on an elevation overlooking the railroad, is conducted by Mr. John H Bibby, who formerly kept the hotel at Montgomery, this county. Sweeping down Penn's Creek, a large stream of pure, cold, spring water, which empties in to the river at Selinsgrove, the scenery is wild and rugged. Two tunnels pierce the rocks, and the grade descends rapidly to Buffalo valley. In this wild region, where "rocks upon rocks in huge confusion are piled" the lover of the grand and beautiful in nature will never tire. Purling streams, pure as crystal, tumble over sandstone rocks on the right and left. The rugged hills are wooded to the summit with pine, oak and hemlock, and Jack's mountain, grim and gloomy, towers above all, like a mighty sentinel guarding the luxuriant valley which lies to the north, and is called Buffalo. The thrifty little town of Mifflinburg is surrounded with rich farms, all under the highest state of cultivation, and sits like a queen amid scenes of pastoral beauty.

The new road, which belongs to the Philadelphia and Erie division, is well built and will prove of immense benefit to the inhabitants of those rich valleys who have been so long cut off from quick communication with the world. Over its tracks the rich products of the farmer will find a way to market and travel will always be good, because the population is heavy. Mr. E. B. Westfall is superintendent of the line and directs its operation. A trip around the circle cannot fail to be of interest to any one who wishes to study the location of the valleys and enjoy every variety of scenery involving river, plain and mountain. The following table of distances may be of value:

	Miles.
Williamsport to Lock Haven	28
Lock Haven to Milesburg	24
Milesburg to Bellefonte	2
Bellefonte to Lemont	9
Lemont to Lewisburg	58
Montandon to Williamsport	13
Total	151

The entire "swing around" can be made in twelve hours at an expense not exceeding five dollars, and cannot fail to prove as interesting as it is charming.

A MURDER FOR MONEY.

Chester, Pa., Nov. 23.—John Sharpless, one of the most orthodox Friends in Delaware county, resides in North Providence twp., about a mile from this city, on a farm located on a lonely road. At 9 o'clock a strange colored man called at the house while it was raining. He found Mr. Sharpless sitting with his family, his wife and two ladies and a nurse. He induced Mr Sharpless to go to the barn with him for some straps saying, "I have had hard luck. My carriage, in which there is two ladies, has broken down, and I need a rope to fix it up so that I can go on." The murderer kept well in the shadow while he said this, and declined the invitation to have the occupants of the carriage enter the house pending the repairs. On his way to the barn another man joined the first and the two followed in Mr. Sharpless' wake.

When in the stable Mr. Sharpless was struck on the back of the head with a hatchet, crushing his skull, and killing him instantly. After taking out his watch the negro returned to the house. In reply to a question he said he wanted money, and advanced to one of the women, at the same time asking what had become of a girl whom he missed from the company. Upon learning that she had gone out, and the colored servant being sent for, the villain left. Mr. Sharpless' family were on their way to the barn when they encountered a neighbor, who hastened to warn them that he had seen two suspicious looking characters on their way to the house. The family then expressed their fears and continued to the barn, where Mr. Sharpless was found lying dead. An alarm was promptly sounded, and in a short time a scouting party was hurrying in every direction to find the assassins. It is assumed that they hid themselves in John Lindsey's barn, on the farm adjoining, and, suspecting that they would be followed, they set fire to that structure in order to divert attention and thus escape, for it was burned down a short time after the murder with all the crops, farming implements and four head of horses. The loss on the barn is about $5,000.

A SUBSTANTIAL FINE.

Philadelphia, Nov. 22.—Harrison Hipple, a drover at No. 930 Market street, was the owner of an old crippled cow, which was sick and emaciated to such an extent that it could not stand up. The man took the cow to a slaughter house where it was killed and sold to customers. Hipple was arrested and let off with a fine of $1,250.

FIVE WOMEN BURNED.

Sandusky, O., Nov. 20.—The County Infirmary near this city was partially destroyed by fire to-night. Five women were burned to death, and the Superintendent was badly injured and unconscious and unable to give any information. There were 98 inmates.

SLAIN BY A CYCLONE.

London, Nov. 22.—A terrible cyclone swept over the Philippine Islands yesterday. Eight thousand buildings including numerous churches and school houses, were destroyed and twenty-two persons were killed.

SERVIA'S DEFEAT SERIOUS.

London, Nov. 19.—It is clear that Servia's defeat at Slivnitza was very serious. They lost 10 guns, 356 horses, 3,000 killed and wounded and many prisoners.

For $2 in advance we will send the REPORTER one year and the NEW YORK WEEKLY WORLD six months. The two papers for the time named, for $2. This offer we make to induce advance payment. tf

SHRINKING IN WOOLEN GOODS.

A German technical journal states that woolen fabrics treated according to the following simple method will be found to be proof against shrinking, and will also retain their color unchanged: The fabrics are first soaked for several hours in a warm, moderately concentrated solution of soda, to which about half a tumbler of ammonia water has been added, more or less, according to the quantity of material treated. At this stage the fabrics are washed out, after the addition of some water that is warm, then rinsed in fresh water. The same result may be reached by adding a tumbler of ammonia water to a small tub of water, soaking the stuffs for half an hour in this, and finally rinsing them in pure water.

SENSE OF SMELLING.

A man may walk for miles and miles without once being actually conscious that he possesses such a sense as smell beyond the general sensation of being in a pure and fresh atmosphere. Half a dozen times perhaps in his walk he wakes up to it. A beanfield in bloom or a bank of violets or burning weeds or new-mown hay or some blossoming woodbine or the wall flowers or mignonette in a cottage garden—some one or other of these may arrest his attention at rare intervals by their fragrance and so steal into notice; but the man does not look for them, and he is quite content to begin and finish his walk—if it so happen—without any of them. How different with a dog who has set out with him and has been enjoying his walk side by side with his master, receiving impressions from the same surroundings and under the same circumstances! What a completely different aspect things have had for him! His sense of enjoyment has been—like his master's—according to his capacity; but what different influences have appealed to him! If, when they reach home, the dog were able to make known his impressions, and spread them out side by side with his master's, they would probably be as opposite as the poles—just as unlike as if they had been received, these on this earth, and the others among the mountains of the moon. Watch the dog for an instant and see what his interest is centered in, what sense it is that engrosses his attention most. He has an exceedingly quick eye and ear, and it would be difficult for even a mouse of lightest foot to emerge from its hole and creep around the old stump close by and in again without being detected. The faintest rustle of a leaf, the slightest movement, would be sufficient to betray its presence. Either through eye or ear, very likely through both at the same instant, the dog will be made conscious of the interesting little circumstance. But quick as all his senses are, it is to that of smell, above all, that the dog trusts. This is the final arbiter—the test to which all difficult problems are subjected, and by which all doubts are solved. It is in a world of scents that a dog lives and moves and has his being. What a curious scent this bramble leaf has! and this spot in the road! and that last nettle he passed—how interesting! How unlike all other nettles he ever met with! He must return and investigate! And, doing so, he becomes for a few moments so engrossed that even his master's command can scarcely persuade him to leave it. And then, as to judging of character, let a reader who possesses a dog say whether he knows of any test that can be for one moment compared with the test supplied by the bundle of nerves that spread themselves out at the tip of a dog's nose. If a pun may be pardoned, I would express my belief that by no other means can so correct a diagonisis of a man's character be obtained. At all events, all will agree that a dog depends upon it without any reserve whatever, and no amount of flattey will serve to alter the opinion he has by such means arrived at. And who does not remember how, when Ulysses returned home after his many years' absence disguised as a beggar, neither length of time nor change of appearance and clothing served for a moment to deceive his faithful hound. While every other member of the household was regarding him as a stranger his dog came up and instantly discovered his identity.

HOW PLUG HATS ARE MADE.

To make the silk stove-pipe hats, a large square of muslin is dipped into shellac, wrung out and then stretched over a wooden frame to dry. After drying it is cut up into sizes and shapes suitable for the various parts of the hat. Some pieces are cut on the bias for the crowns of hats, others are stiffened particularly for the brims, while the muslin for the central cylinders, which are the sides, is cut into oblong squares. The material for a dozen of these hats is then given to a workman, who draws the frame of the hat together around the block and fastens it by means of a hot iron. The shell of the hat, as it is called is then varnished and dried, making it stiff, and then the silk plush is put on, a man ironing it to the shella-coovered shell and sponging it with water at every stroke of the iron. Girls sew in the brim after the sides of the shell have been fastened, and then the seams are gone over with a hot iron, which conceals all traces of them. The brim is then curled, as in the case of a felt article, and then the hat goes away to the luering machine, where polish brushes, revolving rapidly, give it a high polish. From the luering machine it goes to the hands of a girl, who trims it and puts in the lining.

From all parts of the country come accounts of heavy snow.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

—John Knell, his wife and three children, were found at their home in Baltimore on the 6th insensible from escaping gas. Elizabeth, one of the daughters, aged 13 years, is dead, and the eldest daughter, Mary, is in a precarious condition. The rest are expected to recover.

—E. W. Haskett, ex-United States District Attorney for Alaska, was killed at Needles, California, on the 5th, by falling from a train. He was on his way home, having been removed from office.

—The President on the 7th appointed James A. Bayard, of Maryland, (a son of Secretary Bayard,) to be Secretary for Arizona; Joseph C. Stranghan, of Indiana, to be Surveyor General of Idaho; James A. Dawson, of Colorado, to be Surveyor General of Colorado; John Hise, to be Surveyor General of Arizona; Edward R. Pierce, to be Appraiser at Portland, Maine, and Rober A. Thompson, to be Appraiser at Sa Francisco.

—The State census of Wisconsin, just completed, shows a total of 1,563,423, divided as follows: White males, 806,-342; white females, 748,810; negroes, 5576; Indians, 2695.

—The President on the 7th issued a proclamation commanding all persons at Seattle and other places in Washington Territory, who have assembled for unlawful purposes, to desist therefrom and to disperse and retire peaceably to their homes on or before twelve o clock meridian of November 8th. A force of United States troops has gone to Seattle to preserve order there.

—The inspection of the returns in the Hamilton county Senatorial cases, now before the Circuit Court in Cincinnati, has disclosed a number of discrepancies between the total votes credited to Senatorial candidates and the total number of names on the poll book. These frauds—or mistakes—will probably result in the election of the whole Republican ticket.

—The last spike in the Canadian Pacific Railroad was driven near Farwell, British Columbia, on the 7th, by Hon. Donald Smith. General Manager Van Horne was present, and the party went through to the Pacific coast.

—Rev. Dr. O'Connell, bearer of the decrees of the Plenary Council, is about due in New York, and is expected in Baltimore this week. He will confer with Archbishop Gibbons before the decrees, approved by the Pope, are published.

—Secretaries Manning and Whitney have returned to Washington and resumed their official duties.

—President Cleveland on the 8th attended the First Presbyterian Church in Washington and heard Dr. Sunderland preach on "Reform."

—Full returns from all the Legislative districts in Virginia show that the next Senate will have 30 Democrats to 10 Republicans, and the next House 70 Democrats to 30 Republicans.

—The latest election returns from New York give Jones, the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant Governor, about 4000 plurality over Carr. This shows that Carr ran about 7000 ahead of Davenport.

—The President on the 9th appointed Everett Saltonstall to be Collector of Customs at Boston; Don Carlos Buell, Pension Agent at Louisville, and Colonel Robert McKinley, Pension Agent at Detroit. Don Carlos Buell was the noted Union General during the civil war, who for a long time commanded the Army of the Ohio. The President also appointed S. G. Bennett postmaster at Pittston, Penna., and T. G. Bunnell postmaster at Newton, New Jersey.

—The legislature of Oregon met on the 9th in special session for the purpose of electing a U. S. Senator to succeed James H. Slater, whose term expired on the 3d of March last.

—At Chicago on the 9th Judge Prendergast, after an official canvass, decided the new election law adopted. The vote in its favor was more than two to one.

—General Clinton B. Fisk, Erastus Brooks, Dr. James F. Rhoads, Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D., Hon. Albert K. Smiley, Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, Mrs. I. C. Kinney, Mrs. A. S. Quinton and Miss Alice C. Fletcher, members of the committee appointed by the Indian Conference held at Lake Mohonk, last month, to present its views to the President, are now in Washington.

—The trustees of the Actors' Fund in New York on the 9th, adopted resolutions on the death of John McCullough. The New York and St. Louis Lodges of Elks have appointed committees to attend the funeral, and each offered a burial place for the dead tragedian.

—Cornelius Vanderbilt was elected President of the St. Nicholas Society in New York on the 9th.

—Major Edward Mallet, of Washington, on the 9th called upon the President and made an appeal for the interference of this Government to prevent the hanging of Riel by the Canadian authorities. The President, after giving the matter thorough consideration, concurred with Mr. Bayard's opinion, previously given, that it was not a case in which the United States Government could properly interfere.

—The President on the 10th appointed William Hyde to be Postmaster at St. Louis, in place of Rodney D. Wells, suspended; James Burns to be Surveyor of Customs at Kansas City, Missouri; Oscar Valeton, Assistant Appraiser at New Orleans, and Samuel J. Tilden, Jr., Collector of Internal Revenue for the Fifteenth District of New York. Mr. Hyde, the new Postmaster for St, Louis, is editor of the *Republican* newspaper of that city. He was endorsed

—A freight train on the Erie Railroad was derailed near Middleton, New York, on the 12th, by the loss of a wheel while the train was crossing the Hampton bridge, which spans a gorge fifty feet deep. The cars piled over one another in the gorge, and two brakemen—James Cannaford and E. L. Gerst—were injured, it is believed fatally.

—Another batch of "boomers" was on the 12th removed by the military from th Oklahoma district.

by both Senators and all the Democratic Congressmen from Missouri, by the President of the St. Louis Council, nineteen of the city officials, by managers of insurance, steamboat and railroad companies, and by prominent bankers. Samuel J. Tilden, Jr., the new Collector for the Fifteenth New York District, is a nephew, as well as namesake of Samuel J. Tilden. He was at one time a member of Governor Cleveland's staff, but has always heretofore declined public office.

—General Middleton passed through St. Paul on the 10th on his way from Winnipeg to Montreal. Being questioned about Riel, he said "there was no question but that Riel would hang, and he did not believe there would be any hostile demonstration when the execution occurred."

—The North, South and Central American Exposition, at New Orleans, was formally opened on the 10th. The ceremonies began with a civic and military parade. The programme at the building included music, prayer, speeches by the Director General, the President of the Exposition Association, Commissioner General Pitkin, Governor Emory, Mayor Guillotte, Senor Romero, Rev. S. H. Werley (colored), and Major Burke. Only a small portion of the exhibits are vet in place.

—The 8th annual American Fat Stock and Dairy Show opened on the 10th in the Exposition Building at Chicago. Nearly all the famous herds of fancy cattle in the United States and Canada are represented, and the display of draft horses is said to be unusually large and fine.

—By the fall of a scaffold on a new iron bridge in course of construction near Keithsburg, Illinois, on the 9th, four men were killed and two others were severely injured. The killed were Patrick Conway, James Mc Cann, John Olsen and Patrick Noonan.

—Professor Wiley, Chief Chemist of the Agricultural Department, goes to Europe this week to purchase for the the use of the government, in its experimental stations in Louisiana, the latest improvements in machinery for the manufacture of cane sugar.

—The agreement for the reciprocal crossing of the international boundary by troops of the United States and Mexico in pursuit of hostile Indians has been extended until November 1st, 1886.

—The National Conference of Free Traders and Revenue Reformers met on the 11th in Chicago. About 200 delegates were present. David A. Wells, the President, called the Conference to order, and General Stiles, of Chicago, delivered an address of welcome, R. R. Bowker, Honorary Secretary of the Conference, read a report, in which he said there were State revenue reform associations in thirteen States, and local organizations in many other States, Most of these organizations are in relation with the American Free Trade League, which is now organized as a national association. He urged upon the Free Traders "the necessity of planning for a great campaign, the first step toward which is the raising of a fund of $20,000, which will be needed this and next year, in view of the Congressional elections of 1886." He said a third of that sum was already pledged.

—The President on the 11th appointed General Joseph A. Bartlett, of New York City, to be Second Deputy Commissioner of Pensions, in place of Lewis C. Bartlett, resigned on account of ill-health; and William Morgan, of Nashville, to be a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners, in place of Orange Judd, resigned. General Bartlett was a soldier of the War for the Union, and was Minister to Stockholm under President Johnson.

—Dr. John G. Lee, of Philadelphia, has been appointed Secretary of Legation at Constantinople. The appointment was made at the personal solicitation of Minister Cox.

—The Governor of New York has appointed Alton B. Parker, of Kingston, to be Justice of the Supreme Court, to succeed George Westbrook, deceased.

—The total value of our exports of mineral oils during the ten months which ended on October 31st, 1885, was $41,598,424, against $40,467,025 during the corresponding period of last year.

—A telegram from Reading, Penna., says that a number of iron ore mines along the East Penn Railroad, which were worked steadily during the past season, are about to close down. This will throw out of employment several hundred men who worked during the summer for 60 cents a day.

—The Methodist Episcopal Conference in New York, on the 11th completed its appropriations for domestic work. The total is $205,000. The grand total of appropriations by the conference this year is $1,250,000.

—A meeting of the State Board of Health was held in Harrisburg on the 11th. A number of reports were submitted. A resolution was adopted "prohibiting the removal of the rags from the steamship Lucy A. Nicholls, just arrived at Philadelphia from a Japanese port, until properly disinfected."

—The American Association of Mechanical engineers, in session at Boston on the 11th elected the following officers President, Coleman Sellers, of Philadelphia; Vice Presidents, Olin H. Landreth, of Nashville; Horace Zee, of Philadelphia; Charles H. Loring, of Washington, and Allan Stirling, of New York; Managers, Hamilton A. Hill, of Boston; William Kent, of New York, and S. T. Wallman, of Cleveland; Treasurer, William H. Wiley, of New York.

—There is a new island about 300 feet long in the Hudson a few miles below Albany, which boatmen say will seriously obstruct navigation.

—The Kona coffee of Hawaii is said to take a peculiar flavor from the soil, a delicious rich sweetness equaling if not surpassing the Mocha.

—The brokers of Mark Lane, London, say that people want 20 per cent. more bread when the weather is cold than when it is mild and muggy.

A Thousand Cheers.

A thousand cheers for the blighted life,
The lonely one—we daily meet,
The sad, sad lot—a knight in the strife
Is trodden down by rapid feet.
He needs our hand in the heartless race,
The voice of love might calm his fears,
Our smile might brighten his care worn face,
Inspire his life with a thousand cheers.

A thousand cheers for the sewing girl!
With her tired hands and her heavy heart—
Though pure in soul—unknown in the whirl
Of money-makers in city mart.
O beautiful flower on the toilsome path,
O jewel rare for the weary eyes,
O thought sublime that her toiling hath
A thousand cheers from the starry, skies!

A thousand cheers for the honest boy,
Unlearned in schemes of fame and wealth,
Whose steps are heralds of restless joy—
The restless joy of rugged health.
The clouds may shadow, some sunny day,
This picture gilt with morning light,
But honor on earth still finds a way
And room enough for a deed of right.

A thousand cheers for the man of might!
Who bravely strives when others fail,
Who marches on to the losing fight
When rights go down and wrongs prevail,
The man who bears the scorn and the frown
And Censure's bitter blasting breath,
Receives at last, a dear-bought crown,
A thousand cheers at the gates of death.

A CRUEL WRONG AVENGED

On the piazza of a spacious residence on the plantation of Mark Denham, in Alabama, sat two gentlemen in earnest conversation. The elder was about forty years of age, the other but twenty-three. The former was the owner of the plantation, and the young man, Louis Hirst, was a visitor in the vicinity; he had seen Ella Denham, the niece of Mr. Denham, a beautiful brunette of twenty, and fallen in love with her. She loved him in turn, and he was now asking her uncle's consent to the union. A peculiar smile lit up the features of the planter, which he sought to conceal from the pleader. He faced the young man and said:

"The significance of your words, as I understand them, implies that you want the girl for your wife?"

Hirst inclined his head, and the planter continued:

"Well, young man, I cannot say that I have any objections to the match. I suppose you have settled matters between yourselves?" he asked, and again the peculiar triumphant smile illumined his features.

"Yes, sir," was the response, "and she referred me to you."

"And very proper, too," Denham rejoined. "You have my consent; but before you wed her you should be let into a little secret of her pedigree—a secret she does not know herself, I believe."

"I think I have heard that which you reser to," was the smiling rejoinder.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the planter, in surprise. "I cannot believe it."

"You refer to the flight of Ella's father after that fatal duel, ten years ago, do you not?" asked Hirst.

"No; that is a trivial matter in comparison to what I have to reveal. Listen, I will relate the story in a few words. You have, I presume, observed the handsome quadroon woman who officiates as housekeeper in the family?"

"Yes, and a handsome, as well as intelligent and refined woman she appears to be,' rejoined the young man, quite unprepared for what was coming.

"*She is Ella Denham's mother!*"

"My God!" cried the young man, as he started to his feet.

As he uttered this exclamation a faint wail echoed it behind him, and Lizzie, the alleged mother of Ella, stepped out upon the piazza and stood before them.

"Do you doubt my words?" Denham asked the stricken lover, as he sat with his face buried in his hands.

Hirst made no response.

"Because, if you do, here is her mother to verify my statement," the planter continued.

Hirst looked up and gazed at the woman in a dazed manner for a moment, then hoarsely asked her if it were true?

"That I am Ella Denham's mother? Yes," was the reply.

"And her father?" asked Hirst.

"Richard Denham," replied the woman.

"And Ella was born—when?" almost whispered the anguished young man.

"In 1857, three years before the rebellion."

"Were you a slave then?"

"I was," replied Lizzie, and at a signal from Mr. Denham the quadroon glided into the house.

"Well, Mr. Hirst, when shall the wedding be?" asked the planter, in a mocking tone, and he no longer strove to conceal the triumphant expression that now lit up his whole face.

"Sir; you insult me!" cried the young man, starting to his feet again.

"Don't want to marry a slave, eh?"

"Mr. Denham," was the indignant response to this taunt, "I took you for a gentleman, but I now see my mistake."

Denham flamed up at these words, and, striding up to the young man, he hissed these words in his face:

"The same mistake, perhaps, *I* made when I took your father for one fifteen years ago. He was my neighbor, and by devilish means he enticed me to resort to the gambling table, and almost ruined me. He fled to the North with his ill-gotten gains, and I could not reach him. However, I swore to be even with him on one of his kin.

"You came most opportunely, and you may suppose I eagerly watched your growing love for the daughter of a slave, and was not slow in striking at the proper time.

"Marry her, if you will," he continued, "I shall not say nay; possibly she will make you a good wife—good enough, anyway, for the son of such a father as Philip Hirst."

"Wretch!" cried the now enraged man, and with one blow he struck the planter prostrate at his feet, then sped away in the gloom of the deepening twilight.

When Denham arose to his feet he wore an expression that boded no good to the young man; he was about to follow after his assailant, when a low voice cried:

"Uncle, I want to speak to you."

"I will see you after I have chastised that scoundrel," was the hasty response, and the next moment he disappeared.

Denham did not return until a late hour; whether he and Hirst had met was not known; nor was it known what transpired in the interview between the planter and his niece.

It was prolonged until past midnight, and, according to the testimony of the servants, it was a stormy interview; violent words were used by both, but their import could not be learned.

When all was quiet the affrighted servants retired. In the morning they found their master dead in bed—stabbed in the heart.

Ella Denham was awakened and apprised of what had occured, and she at once denounced Louis Hirst as the murderer. She hastened to inform the authorities of the tragedy, stating that her uncle and Hirst had had a serious quarrel the previous evening, during which the young man knocked down Mr. Denham, and that in was her firm belief that Hirst was the assassin.

The young man was taken into custody at his hotel, just as he was on the eve of departure for his home in Philadelphia. He expressed both surprise and horror when he learned what had occurred, but smiled disdainfully when told who was his accuser.

Before a magistrate, the girl repeated what she had witnessed, but did not positively declare that Hirst had killed her uncle, but was impressed with that belief.

Hirst stoutly denied the killing, and said he was willing to swear that after he parted from Denham, after their quarrel, he went directly to his hotel and retired.

That night he slept in a felon's cell. Next morning, Ella Denham was missing, and the greatest consternation prevailed among the servants, who sought for her everywhere in the vicinity without success. She had disappeared and left no trace behind her. Why she went away and whither she had gone was an unexplained mystery.

The coroner's jury found Louis Hirst guilty of the murder, and the young man was remanded for trial.

When the deceased's affairs were examined it was discovered that the plantation really belonged to his exiled brother. This was attested to by the attorney who conveyed the estate, in trust, to Mark Denham, by the consent of Richard, his brother, said estate to become the exclusive property of Ella Denham, daughter and only child of the exile, when she attained her majority.

Where Richard had hidden himself was known to few, if any, save, perhaps, Mr. Barbour, the attorney. Whether Ella knew it could only be conjectured, but it was presumed she knew where her father was and had probably joined him. But the cause of her abrupt departure was a mystery.

If it had not been for the fact that she and her uncle lived on most amicable terms, her hasty flight would certainly have looked suspicious and inclined the neighbors to think that she, instead of Hirst, had committed the murder.

At the trial that followed, Hirst's counsel had subpœnaed Lizzie, the quadroon, as a witness for the defense, and truly her evidence created a sensation in court.

It appeared that Mr. Mark Denham had her in his power—the reason she would not give, however. Presuming that he compelled her to assume the position of mother to the girl, Hirst believed to be a slave, tainted with African blood.

"I nursed Ella from early infancy," the witness said. "Her mother died directly after her babe was born, and she was a white woman. I was in the parlor and heard the whole conversation between Louis Hirst and Mark Denham. I was instructed by the latter to appear at a certain stage of the conversation and proclaim that I was Ella's mother. I did not know that the poor girl was also a secret listener to the foul slander Denham uttered against her until I felt my hand seized by her's and then, with a moan of pain, she sank insensible at my feet.

"After I had played my part on the piazza, I returned to my poor charge and restored her to consciousness, when I undeceived her and told her the truth. This aroused her anger to a pitch of madness, and she swore she would avenge the outrage.

"I endeavored to appease her, and pointed out to her that no harm was done, now that the calumniator had been properly chastised by Hirst, who, himself, would probably return to his northern home, and no one would repeat the scurrilous story."

"Properly punished!" cried the girl in scornful tones, "do you call being simply knocked down proper punishment for so atrocious a slander? You shall see what I deem a proper punishment for such a dastard."

"That night after Denham returned from his search for Hirst, he and Ella had hot words about it, but their nature I did not learn. However," continued she, "when I found in the morning that Denham had been killed during the night I feared that the girl had committed the deed, and intimated as much to her.

"No,' she answered, 'I was just perfecting a plan when some one forstalled me. Louis Hirst evidently killed him, and that act I lay to his credit as an offset against his cruel decision not to unite his destines with one of the "accursed race." I shall nevertheless, denounce him to the authorities, and let them decide his fate. I loved him truly, and now despise him."

"After her flight, however," the woman said in conclusion, "I was convinced that she avenged the foul wrong put upon her, and I believe so still."

The jury was of the same opinion and acquitted the accused after a brief consultation in the box.

As Louis left the door a letter was thrust into his hand by a colored lad, who instantly disappeared in the crowd. The letter was addressed to himself, written in a beautiful feminine hand. He opened it, looked at the signature and saw the name of Ella Denham.

Hastily thrusting the letter into his pocket he went to his hotel and in the privacy of his room he read its contents. This is what he read:

"Sir—Had you come directly to me after that foul slander was foisted upon you by my uncle, and manifested sympathy for me on account of that 'accident of my birth,' I might have forgiven you even though you abandoned me afterwards; that would, at least, have been acting a manly part. But, instead, you believed the 'coined lie,' though uttered by an avowed enemy, and cowardly fled without seeing me or asking for an explanation. If you have truly loved me you are now fitly punished since you have the assurance that I am no 'negro.' But even were we to meet hereafter—which is not likely—I shall never recognize you, bear that in mind. I know you did not kill my uncle, but to satisfy my outraged feelings I caused your arrest. I did not choose to have your blood upon my soul, and had you been condemned I would have proclaimed myself as the person who took the life of the miscreant, who, to gratify a petty spite he had against your father, would have imolated me on the altar of his unholy revenge! But I am amply revenged for the foul wrong he would have put upon me, and I do not regret the act. You may make whatever useyou see fit of this voluntary confession; its promulgation cannot harm me, for I am lost to all who knew me in Montgomery, and they shall never see me again."

With a saddened heart the young man went home with that chastening letter close to his heart. He kept her secret, for he now doubly loved the spirited girl who was lost to him forever.

But the matter was not to remain a secret in spite of his resolve to shield the girl he loved. Lizzie called on the mayor and made a voluntary statement that Mark Denham fell by her hand.

On being closely questioned she entered into the details of the murder in so concise a manner that not a doubt arose as to her guilt.

She was arraigned and subsequently committed for trial, and the affair was widely published in the papers.

Several days before her trial was to take place the authorities received a letter from Ella Denham, in which she boldly proclaimed herself as the murderer of her uncle, and gave her reasons for committing he deed.

Denham had blasted her hopes of happiness by coining a cruel lie, whereby she was forever separated from the man she loved, and such a wrong could only be condoned for with the blood of the wretch.

The trial of Lizzie took place, but it was a farce, notwithstanding she vehemently declared that she, and not Ella, had killed Denham; that the girl meant only to shield her from harm.

The girl had said the same words in her letters—namely, Lizzie confessed the murder only to shield Ella, whom she loved better than life. She wound up in these words, which decided the jury in their verdict:

"I had a powerful motive for what I did. What motive had poor Lizzie? None whatever."

It appeared that the woman's only apprehension was that her darling would be arrested and perhaps hanged for the crime, hence her confession.

Ella never returned to her late home and the property was disposed of by the attorney, the proceeds of which doubtless reached either Ella or her father.

The Queen of America.

A letter from Louisville, Ky., says an old lady with a remarkable appearance and bearing, swept into the Circuit Court recently with queenly grace. She was under the escort of a couple of policemen and was given a seat in front of the jury. This was a celebrated crank. Lucinda, Queen of America, and she was to be tried for lunacy. For several years she has been a conspicuous character in this city, and she was in the habit of appearing in public places in regal attire. She would go to the Galt House and ask for the King, and everywhere she was the same queenly personage. Upon one occasion by her presence she created something of a sensation at McCauly's Theater. She was not, however always happy. Her throne was being usurped. About two years ago she called at the office of a leading lawyer to engage his services for the purpose of removing Arthur the usurper. He told her jestingly that the Attorney General of the United States was the proper person to take steps. The next thing heard of her she was in Washington besieging Present Arthur, and was arrested as a crank meditating assassination and sent home. Since that time she has issued long weekly proclamations, sending them to all the newspaper offices. The circumstances which led to the inquest of this morning are these: A short time since the woman engaged a furnished room on Sixth street, between Grayson and Walnut. For the past three or four days she remained barricaded in her room and acted in such a manner as to attract more than the usual attention of other lodgers. Her insanity had taken another turn, and she was laboring under the fear that she was to be assassinated. The police were informed of the old lady's situation, and last night she was removed to jail. The officers were compelled to force the door, as she refused to let them in. She had a club with which she threatened them, but was too feeble to use it. This morning she was the reigning queen and the jury were her obedient subjects. Arthur had retired and Cleveland was banished. Her son was Emperor and Ingersoll was King. Mr. McDonald of Texas was President, and the country was well governed.

"If you are Queen and Ingersoll King, then you are husband and wife."

"No, we are not married," was her reply.

She said she was 74 years of age. She was of course adjudged a lunatic.

"We find Christians," says St. Ligouri, "who communicate daily, yet commit mortal sin; Christians who give abundant alms, yet commit mortal sin; Christians who fast and mortify their bodies, yet commit mortal sin; but you will never find a soul who meditates daily that remains in a state of mortal sin."

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Lame excuses carry the crutches of plausibility.

Why use two names? Isn't a tuning fork a pitch fork?

How to overcome a sorrow—strike one of your own sighs.

Brevity is the soul of wit, so don't eat cucumbers—they'll weep.

To-morrow is the day on which lazy folks work and fools reform.

The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of women.

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul lends the tongue vows.

Blessed is the woman who never says to her husband, "I told you so."

There are many men who are not happy unless they are miserable

A straight line is the shortest in morals as well as in mathematics.

Let us be happy. We can always find somebody worse off than ourselves.

Do your business promptly, and bore not a business man with long visits.

Many people find their only happiness in forcing themselves to be unhappy.

Continual talkers may find a precedent in Balaam's travelling companion.

A wife who has her own will may one day find fault with her husband's.

If religion has done nothing for your tempers, it has done nothing for your souls.

We should have no faith in the religeon or literature which groans over the world.

Wisdom prepares for the worst, but folly prepares the worst for the day when it comes.

False ideas may be refuted by argument, but by true ideas alone are they expelled.

Adhere so firmly to the truth that your yea shall be yea and your nay shall be nay.

All the fine clothes that a tailor's goose ever hatched out won't make a gentleman.

The sublimity of wisdom is to do those things living which are to be desired when dying,

If our religion is not true, we are bound to change it; if it is true, we are bound to propagate it.

I look upon death to be as necessary to our constitution as sleep. We shall rise refreshed in the morning.

To be wise is to feel that all that is earthly is transient, and to experience misfortune is to become wise.

No man ever regretted that he was virtuous and honest in his youth, and kept aloof from idle companions.

Happiness consists in occupation of mind. Small minds require to be occupied by affairs. Great minds can occupy themselves.

Do you know that a wise and good man does nothing for appearance; but everythiug for the sake of having acted well?

The moment we feel angry in controversy we have already ceased striving for truth, and begin striving for ourselves.

The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices and false opinions he had contracted in the former.

Humiliation is a guest that only comes to those who have made ready his resting place and will give him a fair welcome.

Make no man your idol, for the best man must have faults; and his faults will insensibly become yours, in addition to your own.

Never write on a subject without having first read yourself full of it; and never read on a subject till you have thought yourself hungry on it.

An indiscreet man is more hurtful than an ill natured one; the latter attacks only his enemies; the other injures friends and foes alike.

A sense of forgiveness does not proceed from marks seen in yourself, but from a discovery of the beauty, work and freeness of Christ.

If the Lord careth for thee, be thyself at rest; for if he care, why shouldst thou care too? His providence will provide if thou sincerely trust it.

An irreligious man, a speculative or a practical atheist, is as a sovereign, who voluntarily takes off his crown and declares himself unworthy to reign.

If you have a friend in private—let him be what he will—you are bound by honor and self-respect, bonnd by your fidelity to your flag, to be his friend in public.

Would you be happy—attend to your own business, give gossiping neighbors the cold shoulder, trifle not with other men's reputations, and read the papers regularly.

Enjoy the blessings of this day if God sends them: and the evils bear patiently. For this day only is ours; we are dead to yesterday, and we are not born to to-morrow.

The home is the birthplace of good or evil. It is mightier than the school, the lecture-room, the pulpit, or even the press. In it the first impressions are made, when the mind is pliable and ductile, and takes the direction that is given.

Guthrie compares some men to the rough, oaken, battered chests brought across the seas, which externally give no indication of their contents. Lift the lids, and the air is regaled by aromatic fragrance and the eye dazzled with gems, or delighted with costly attire, wrought with cunning workmanship.

It is the bubbling stream which flows gently, the little rivulet which runs along day and night by the farmhouse, that are useful, rather than the swollen flood or winding cataract. So it is the quiet daily virtues of life that accomplish the greatest good, rather than fine-spun theories and high-sounding pretensions.

Language comes more easily to some han to others; but it is a desirable acquisition, and therefore it is essential that the book and the teacher in this schoolhouse should join in inducing the student to express himself. Not that men and women must be able to talk all the while. Under this fashion of things the world would soon be talked to death. The essential thing is that the mind be made capable of examining a subject, of amplifying a theme, until it shall assume fulness of symmetry and general beauty

The June Cricket.

Tented in the short green grass,
While the moon shone in the sky,
A cricket, close to those who pass,
Uttered the old familiar cry.

Little heeded he the noise
Of the crowded city street,
But blew his flute with strident voice
Unmindful of the tramp of feet.

Hundreds briskly hurry by,
Listless to the song they pass;
No policeman stops his cry,
Or orders him "Keep off the grass!"

I who note the steady tune
That he with such relish plays,
Wonder how this note of June
Came to take the city ways.

Far from native haunts withdrawn,
He sings the old song at my feet—
The prelude of a country lawn
Salutes the curious city street.

Rustic scenes are not at hand;
No rippling rivulet wanders near:
Hard is it to understand
This voice in such an atmosphere.

Brave little cricket, pipe away;
Let your blitheness melt in song!
'Tis the cheeriest roundelay;
I shall thank you for it long.

Torn from spring-time robbed of June,
Shut up to the city street,
Much I thank you for your tune
Uttered from this strange retreat.

A PLAIN STORY.

"An' next week I'll finish up them puffs, an' then I'll wash that woolen wrapper for Calista, an' *that'll* be done," said Miss Jane, with emphasis, as she remorselessly wrung the last drop of water from her cloth, and hanging the dish-pan on a nail, vigorously rubbed out the sink with a bit of flannel moistened with kerosene. There was no one in the little "but'ry" with her, but she had a habit of thinking aloud, just as her father read his weekly paper aloud for forty years. It was like telling some one what she thought, or what she saw, or did, or heard. As she stepped briskly across the kitchen floor a voice from the back room called.

"Sister!"

The squeak in Miss Jane's shoes gasped helplessly, and then died.

"Well?" said she, interrogatively.

"Are you going out?"

"Only jes' to hang these dish-rags on the fence. What is it?"

"I'll wait till you come back," said the voice, and the old rocking-chair resumed its creechy-crawch, and Miss Jane's shoes tapped a little more briskly than before, for a minute had gone out of her lifetime while she waited to hear what her sister had to say. "Looks kind o'ketchin'," she muttered, spreading her towels on the picket fence, and tipping back her head to squint one eye at a small black cloud that was creeping up from the hor zon. "I b'lieve I must try for another mess' o' them strawberries, though; there's nothin' makes so rich sauce for me," and Miss Jane gathered up her milk pans from the cellar door, where they had been lazily sunning themselves since five o'clock in the morning, and went in.

She announced herself as "goin' down to the sou'west corner o' the back pastur'," when she appeared at the back-room door a few minutes later, tying a calico sunbonnet under her chin; "that is," she added, "if you didn't want nothin' that you wanted me to keep in for."

The old rocking-chair creaked nervously a few times, and Calista's fingers trembled as she tried to coax the thread into the eye of the needle.

Miss Jane waited.

"There!" Calista laid down the needle, and drew a long breath.

"Do you remember, sister: what the minister's wife was saying yesterday?"

"About that slack piece, Sereny Jackson, going to be married? Can't make a pudding saucel Not that Miss Chandler said anything about that, but la! don't I know the whole kit?"

"No, not that, sister. What she said about the poor children coming out into the country for a little vacation. Oh, sister, I laid and thought last night"—Calista choked a little, and then she spoke out bravely—"I've been thinking why couldn't we take one for the two weeks?"

The shot was fired now, and the half-frightened gunner waited for the smoke to clear away before she could reckon the effect on the enemy. Miss Jane, who stood for the enemy in this case, certainly wasn't dead, but it was equally certain she was pretty well stunned.

"Well," she said, recovering herself a little after a few minutes. "I hadn't thought nothing about it, an' I don't believe you could stan' it one day an' night, Calista;" and this tiny plant of an objection being well sprouted, it grew with a rapidity that almost amazed the cultivator herself, and Calista was informed that such "a yonng one bein' uneddicated and unmannered, would bang up the dishes, eat the preserves, smash the eggs and kill the chickens, worry the cat, and finally cry nights for its mother, if it has one, which I shouldn't be surprised if it hadn't," added the good woman, grimly. "An' it's two chances to one but 'twould be a foreigner when we got it, and sarsy at that; for you know, Calista, as well as I do, that a good part of the city is made up of foreigners—one kind and another."

Miss Jane had emptied her quiver, and paused, but Calista was running her needle slowly through the block of pink print, as if every arrow had flown over her head.

She laid her work on her knee now, and looked through the window away to the blue hills that melted into the horizon. "I didn't sleep much last night," she said, gently—a shade stole over Miss Jane's sharp face, but Calista went on, quietly—"and I thought, as I laid in my good clean bed, just as the light was coming, and heard the birds singing everywhere, and the lay-locks brushed against the window, and they smelled so pretty—I thought how Mis' Chandler said some of them dear little things never smelt a rose, nor so much as seen any green grass."

The voice ended in sobs, and Miss Jane felt her own eyes grow dim, and realized that her strong-tower of defense would fall if she lingered here much longer.

She rose determinedly, and tied her bonnet-strings in a snugger-knot.

"There! don't feel bad about it," she said. "I'll think it over, and—we'll see."

"Dear Lord, do Thou be in her thoughts," silently prayed the sister left at home, but she only said, cheerily, as Miss Jane's shoes creaked out across the kitchen floor: "They're the Lord's little ones, you know," but Miss Jane vouchsafed no reply.

"Never saw no grass," she sniffed, rubbing her nose.

"What nonsense! as much grass as there is in the world! An' I won't have a sarsy young one here." But as her shoes trod energetically over the short, crisp grass and crushed the fragrant pennyroyal, she found herself wondering vaguely how it would seem if this were the first time.

No one but herself and her God knew of the warfare that went on down in the southwest pasture that afternoon, but Calista knew who had the victory when they sat down to their five o'clock supper. But she said nothing. And even after the dishes were washed and the milk put away, and Miss Jane tied on an ancient black straw "hackerney" and said, after a little hesitation, that she guessed she'd run over to the minister's and tell him "if he can ketch hold of a likely little girl, we'll try an' git along with her two weeks"—even then Calista only said: "Well, I would, sister. A little girl wouldn't be so much trouble for you as a boy, most likely."

But after Miss Jane had gone on her errand Calista went into her bedroom and shut the door. She had entered into her closet.

What Misss Jane said to herself as she trudged away was: "If I'm a selfish pig, Lord, help me not to squeal and knock over my vittles every time I can't have 'em to suit me." And she backed up her prayers by her deeds.

Twenty years ago Calista had closed the eyes of her husband, young Lieutenant John Emmons, in a Southern hospital. She stayed with the sick and wounded two years longer, and then came home with the malaria that made her an invalid for life.

Jane Sewall had heard, as her neighbors had, that Alcander Merrill was shot through the head as he flung himself in desperation across the fatal deadline of the pen at Andersonville; but there had been no engagement announced between them.

He had whispered to her under the blooming apple trees the night before his regiment went away, and asked if she would wait until he came back, and after his death it was whispered about that he had been "kind o' shining up to Jane Sewall," and the postmaster was sure "he had wrote to her;" but the modesty of the New England village would have been shocked if she had presumed to openly mourn for him. And so the sorrow that flowed from Calista's wound leaving it sweet and ready for healing, had cankered in Jane's heart, and formed a crust that few broke through.

She and Calista lived comfortably on the old place with a little money and Calista's pension; and though their lives might not lie in the sunshine, and the light was subdued, it was tender, not gloomy, and the only real shadow that darkened the path was the dread that sometimes thrust itself forward that one might be left alone.

The fatal Tuesday, as Miss Jane would have expressed it, came and found Miss Jane frying so many doughnuts that Calista said, laughingly, she must be expecting a boy, after all; but they are both surprised when the minister stopped at the door with a boy in his wagon.

"I said a girl," said Miss Jane, emphatically, meeting the minister on the door-step.

"I know you did, Miss Sewall, I know you did," said the good man, "but now I'll tell you how it is. This boy has brought a dog with him"—Miss Jane's face was gorgon-like in its stoniness—"and nobody wants him. He brought the dog aboard the boat in that pasteboard box, and there he's kept him till somebody caught him putting in part of his luncheon for the little creature to eat. He cut holes in the box so the dog could breathe, and told him to keep still, and the knowing little thing hasn't made a sound since they started last night. The boy said he was afraid to leave him for fear he would be abused or lost."

Mr. Chandler paused and looked at Miss Jane's face. He read nothing there.

"I can't say I blame you, though, for not wanting a boy," he continued, "and I'll see if we can't stow him away somewhere with ours."

Miss Jane caught a glimpse of Calista's face. "You pig, Jane Sewall, now kick over the whole trough because you can't have everything your way," said she to herself, and "Stop," said she to the minister; "bring him in."

"I hope you will never regret it," said the minister, shaking hands when he went away.

"I hope I sha'n't," responded Miss Jane in a tone that said "I know I shall;" but Mr. Chandler, was used to a lack of faith, and he rode away, leaving the boy; with the box under his arm, standing on the broad, flat door-stone, in the morning sunshine.

Miss Jane said she "never did see such a fool for a boy that seemed to have wit, too," as the days wore away; and he asked her "what held up the stone wall" that fenced the pasture across the road, or wandered that rasberries grew on bushes, or puzzled at the connection between the hen or the nest and the egg found in there afterward, Miss Jane was, as she said, really "nonplussed at such ignorance."

The dog, Snap, proved to be a harmless little ragged-haired thing, who paid great respect to the enormous yellow-and-white cat Sarah, and mollified her mistress by catching the rats the lazy Sarah had allowed to gambol about the barn almost under her nose.

Quite a friendship grew between Calista and Jack for he loved to listen to her stories of the war, though he never hesitated to tell her when he thought she left the straight highway of fact and strayed into the fields of imagination.

After awhile they found, in addition to Snap, he had brought with him an old flageolet, on which he played, if not scientifically, at least in a way pleasing to these lonely women.

"Pinafore" was new, but fortunately, the bands still play "Marching Through Georgia" and "Annie Laurie," and Jack rattled them off, while Calista hummed them in a soft little voice, an accompaniment half a measure ahead or behind, as it happened. Miss Jane paid little heed, apparently, to the boy, but it was not Calista who crept up stairs to look at him as he lay asleep, and murmured: "If he had lived," and then blushed hotly alone in the dark at what seemed, to her rigid creed, almost a sin for the unwed to think of wifehood or motherhood, even though it might never be.

The second week of Jack's stay was extremely sultry, and one night in a terrible shower, Calista was taken with one of the attacks of illness that had hung about her ever since her Southern campaign.

As Miss Jane hurriedly prepared the medicine she kept at hand, Jack's face looked in at the door.

"Sick, hain't she?" he whispered, "Oh!"

The house shook as a peal of thunder, like the boom of guns cracked about it, and Miss Jane cried out, for the bottle fell from her hand and shattered on the floor.

"Hain't ye got no more?" asked Jack, "I can go to the 'potecary's or to the doctor's. I know where the doctor lives,'

Miss Jane didn't answer.

It would be dire cruelty to send that morsel of humanity out in such a storm, but Calista—

Before she could collect her thoughts the rain beat heavily in at the open door, and Jack was gone.

She sprang out to call after him to go by the road and not by the stepping-stones; but the wind rushed round the house and carried her words away, and Jack with Snap at his heels, had been swallowed up by the night. Jack had been in Stoneham long enough to know that it was a half mile to Dr. McIntyre's by the road, while the path that led on the stepping-stones across Mad Brook was only half as far.

"We'll go over the steppin'-stones, for may be she's a-dyin'," said Jack to Snap, and Snap responded by a little howl as they fled down the path.

Dr. McIntyre was sick himself, and young Dr. Harry had driven off to Bobadil to set a man's leg, but Mrs. Woodbury, the housekeeper, and the old doctor together put up the medicine which, as Mrs. Woodbury said, "always fetched Mrs. Emmons right round when she had them spells; but I'm afraid you'll tumble down and spill it, you poor little dear," the kind woman added.

Jack pulled a dirty piece of string from his pocket for answer, and made the bottle fast to Snap's neck.

"He can't tumble down," said the master, but Mrs. Woodbury was only divided as to the risks.

Nothing better presented itself, however, so she dubiously rolled the powders in a bit of oiled silk, and started the two homeward, with very little hope the medicine would reach there, if the boy and dog did.

Mad Brook was roaring when the dog reached it, foaming over the stepping-stones, but the moon was struggling out now, and showed a tree blown across from bank to bank.

"Keep close to me, old fellow," said Jack, starting nimbly across. Almost over, a dead branch snapped, and Jack fell. He caught a limb with each hand, and drew himself out of the water; but the boughs swayed and creaked, and threatened to break, and Jack dare trust them no further.

'She's got to have the 'potecary stuff," he said, pulling the roll out of his pocket, while he held unsteadily by one hand. "Here, Snap, take it an' go home." Snap howled, but Jack repeated the command, and Snap trotted to the shore, laid down his bundle and howled again.

"Go home," repeated Jack, in his sternest tone, and Jack's word was law to Snap; so he picked up his roll, and three minues later, wet, dirty and panting, laid it at Miss Jane's feet, as she opened the door for perhaps the hundredth time to look and listen.

With trembling hand she took the bundle and untied the bottle, and, as Calista's agony was relieved, with a terror of she knew not what, she sped down the hill with Snap, just as the day, fair and smiling, peeped over the hills.

"She's a livin'?" called a feeble voice from the water.

Not a word in answer said Miss Jane, but she marched straight into the brook, and, taking Jack in her arms, put him on the ground.

"I couldn't hold much longer," said he, and dropped at her feet.

Two or three days afterward the minister came round to ask if Jack would be ready to go back with the other children. "No," said Miss Jane, abruptly: "I can't let him go, and Calista, she wants him, an' we'll keep him a spell longer. I guess by what he tells me about his aunt he lives with, there won't be any trouble there."

"Bless the Lord, sister!" said the minister earnestly. He had heard the story of Mad Brook.

This spring Miss Jane, with a beaming face, put down her name for four children to spend two weeks with her. "Jack and Calista will enjoy it," said she, apologetically.

"How about Snap?" laughed the minister.

"There, ain't he the knowin'est little thing you ever saw?" exclaimed Miss Jane, with enthusiasm, and the minister assented; and she walked homes murmuring: "What a mess o' vittle, you'd 'a' upset, Jane Sewall, if the Lord had let you had your own way.

During 1883 the Mining Office of Finland reports that the quantity of iron ores raised from the mines was small, but from the Finnish lakes and bogs not less than 38,000 tons were raised, at a cost of about $50,000. There were twenty-six furnaces in the country, of which fourteen were in blast, returning about 18,000 tons of pig iron, for the manufacture of which were used 25,000 tons of bog and lake ore and 17,000 tons of imported ore. The number of workmen at the mines and works is estimated at 17,000.

Patchouly is supposed to be the most permanent of all vegetable odors. The plant resembles mint, and is a native of various parts of India.

November's Evening Skies.

November is not so fruitful in incidents as many of the preceding months of the now fleeting year. She presents, as prominent in importance, the opposition of Neptune when the planet third in size among the brotherhood draws nearest to the earth on his unseen path, and gives the telescopist a chance to find out something new concerning the great sphere that, in terrestial view, looks like a tiny ball, delicately tinted with blue, but is really equal in volume to nearly a hundred planets like the earth piled upon each other. November also presents on each clear evening, one of the loveliest pictures that ever glows on the celestial canvas, that of the peerless Venus, shining in the West as the fair evening star, deigning to show herself as soon as the sun has disappeared, and growing more bewitchingly beautiful as the shadows gather, until her turn comes to descend below the western hills. Saturn is another gem in the November sky. Jupiter shows his smiling face in the small hours of the morning, and Mercury may be seen in fitful phase as the month draws to a close. November holds the exclusive right to one unfailing source of interest, when, on the 13th, and the day before and after, the earth plunges headlong through the November meteor zone. Those who watch on the nights mentioned will find proof of the passage in a few stray meteors, radiating from the constellation Leo, and set on fire by a concussion with the earth's atmosphere.

These meteoric showers are caused by the earth encountering a swarm of particles following Tempel's comet in its orbit. The swarm of meteoroids is not equally scattered, and the earth meets the densest portion once in 33¼ years. A grand display marks the passage. The heavens seem to be on fire, and the grandeur of the scene is indescribable. Chinese, Arabian and other records give accounts of these grand meteoric showers. Humboldt witnessed a wonderful shower in 1790. A great shower was seen in 1833; another occurred in 1866—7, and one is confidently expected in 1899. Leverrier thus accounts for the presnce of the meteor zone in the system. As far back as the year 126 of our era Uranus captured a meteoric comet and imprisoned it by his attractive power within the solar domain. It has a period of 33¼ years. The orbit crosses the earth's orbit at a point passed by our planet on the 13th of November, and extends beyond the orbit of Uranus. The comet is disintegrating and the meteoroids are slowly extending over the whole zone. When this occurs ages hence the grand displays will cease and the falling stars each year will increase in numbers. As nothing is more uncertain than the behavior of comets and meteors, it is well to be on the watch, for the earth may encounter a more populous portion of the zone, and the shower of falling stars be more abundant than is expected. The best time for observing the Leonids, as they are called, is about 3 o'clock in the morning, when the constellation Leo is nearly halfway between the eastern horizon and the zenith.

In the Country Lawyer's Office.

He wanted justice. You could see that in his eyes afar off. He didn't want a little bit of justice weighed out in a gingerly manner and done up in coarse brown paper, but he wanted justice by the car load and at wholesale rates. He hitched his old white horse and dilapidated buggy in front of the drug store, mounted the stairs running up outside to the second story, and his eyes brightened as they rested on the tin sign on the door: "George Boxem, Attorney at Law." The lawyer was in. So were a two-dollar desk, two fifteen cent chairs, a huge cuspidor, and a rusty stove.

"Morning."

"Morning."

"I'm Jim White, sir. Live out by Gray's Corners. Bought the Tompkins farm, you know."

"Ah!"

"Skinner jines farms with me. His steers get into my corn. I want damages, but he laughs at me. I turn my hogs into his 'tater patch."

"Good! I like a man of spunk."

"And he kills one of 'em."

"What!"

"He kills a hog worth two dollars."

"You don't say! Well, that man ought to be made to understand that he doesn't own this county. What an outrage! Have you demanded pay?"

"Oh, yes, and he said he'd like to shoot *me*."

"Is it possible? Why, he's a dangerous man, very dangerous."

"I came to ask you if—if——"

"Why, of course you have the best kind of a case against him, and it is your duty to push it."

"Yes, I want justice, but how—how much will——"

"Oh, the cost will be nothing. Just leave me $5 as a retainer and we'll make Skinner sweat. I haven't heard of such an outrage for years. He probably reasons that you are chicken-hearted and afraid of him."

"Well, he'll find that the Whites have as much grit as the Skinners."

"And as much money to law with?"

"You bet!"

"That's the talk! We'll make him a very sick man. Your case appeals to me as a citizen as well as a lawyer. Now, we'll secure a warrant as a starter."

Skinner visits the other lawyer in the same village, and the conversation is about the same. White gets a warrant for Skinner, and Skinner gets a warrant for White.

First year—Two adjournments, a disagreement, twenty-four days lost time, and ca ash expense of $58 to each farmer.

Second year—Three trials, one disagreement, four adjournments, one appeal, and a cash expense of $150 to each farmer. Time lost, thirty-five days.

Third year—Two trials, two appeals, two decisions, and two farms pass into the hands of two lawyers.

Geologists find evidence of several successful glacial epochs, and it is quite possible that similar conditions may return and that all traces of life may disappear from the northern parts of this country and Europe.

HORSE NOTES.

—John Splan will winter in Boston.

—W. C. France has sold Lowden, 2.20¼.

—Mr. Johnson has purchased the ch. m. Mamie B. for Boston parties.

—Green Morris will winter this year at Mobile, Ala., instead of at Charleston, claiming that the latter city is too warm.

—The b. g. Judge Parsons (2.26¼) and Little Fred (2.20¼), the property of Abraham Barker, of Albany, are being driven as a team.

—Free Knight, half brother to Freeland, is already spoken of as a likely candidate to carry off the American Derby next year at Chicago.

—A ten-mile trotting match, for $50 a side, took place on the highway near Sheffield, Eng., October 8. Early Morn winning easily in 40 m. 23¼ s.

—The trotting stallions Messenger Chief and Rienzi, owned by George A. Singerly, are now in charge of the Macey Brothers at Versailles, Kentucky.

—Charles Schwartz, of Chicago, has gone to New York with his team Adelaide and Charley Hogan. The pair were driven a mile in 2.36½ just after arriving.

—W. C. France has purchased the black m. Inez, 2.22¼, by Sweepstakes, dam by Kentucky Bertram, from W. C. Trimble, of Newburgh, N. Y., to use as a mate for Cornelia, 2.21¼.

—Phyllis has just completed a remarkable season's work. She has campaigned for a whole year, appearing on most of the principal tracks between Texas and Massachusetts.

—The rule disqualifying a horse when his jockey dismounts without obtaining permission from the judges is a bad one, and is likely to be changed.

—The celebrated race-horse St. Blaze, owned by Mr. Augustus Belmont, arrived recently at New York on the steamer Holland from London. The animal is in splendid condition.

—Miss Russell, the dam of Maud S, has again been bred to Belmont. Her last foal, the gr. c. Pilot Russell, has suffered considerably from distemper, and is still running with its dam.

—Onward (2.20¼), by Knickerbocker—dam by Reserve, has been sold to Mr. Hall, of Boston, proprietor of Young's Hotel and the Adams House. Price stated about $4000, which is about half what was paid for him last year.

—Maxey Cobb and Neta Medium were twice speeded at New York recently. On the first trial the mile was made in 2.27½, and 2.24 was reeled off a day or two later. Jimmy Dustin has gone to Kentucky to secure winter quarters for the team. The pair will be driven for a fast record at Louisville.

—A 16-year-old brown gelding by Woodford Mambrino, dam Midnight, the dam of Jay-Eye-See, is used on the farm at the Woodburn Stud. His trotting lineage was discovered after his joints had been stiffened by hard work. Had he been kept entire he would now be worth a fortune for the stud.

—The Third Annual Exhibition of the National Horse Show Association was opened on the 3d at Madison Square Garden under favorable auspices. There was a large attendance of visitors and there were many exhibits. For four-year-old stallions A. J. Cassatt, of Haverford College, Pa., took the first prize, $200. The second prize, $100, was awarded to Harris & Brown, of Owen Sound, Canada. The prize for ponies, mares or geldings, not exceeding 13 hands, first prize, $50 to Clarence Seagrist, of Philada., and the second prize, $50, to Peter Doolger, of Philada.,. For four-year-old trotting stallions, first prize of $100 was awarded to C. J. Hamilton, of Buffalo, N. Y., and the second prize, $50, to R. B. Wallace, of Philadelphia.

—Paul Potter, the jockey who was trampled on in a race at Jerome Park on Thursday of last week, died there on Saturday, and was buried on Monday afternoon from the residence of his widowed mother. Potter was the lightweight jockey of the Dwyer Bros.' stable, riding at about eighty pounds, was about 16 years of age, the sole support of his widowed mother and a successful and very promising jockey. The extra day's racing at Jerome Park on Thursday was given for the benefit of Mrs. Potter. The net receipts were about $4000.

—Another change has taken place in Rancocas affairs. As is well known, Mr. Pierre Lorillard over a year since made his son, N. Griswold Lorillard, a special partner in his racing enterprises, and, in the event of his death, to become sole proprietor of Rancocas. But, while young Mr. Lorillard attended the races, he never seemed to enter into the spirit of breeding and racing. As Mr. Lorillard once said to us: "My son Griswold is interested with me in the stable, but somehow he doesn't take to racing as I thought he would. He inclines rather toward pony racing, polo playing, etc. My son Pierre, on the other hand, is too enthusiastic a turfman, I often think it would be better if he were associated with me. Griswold is willing that such an arrangement be made." We believe the change has been made. Mr. Griswold Lorillard has gone on an extended tour of the world, in company with some friends. He has, or will if he has not already, withdrawn from the racing enterprise. An arrangement will be made whereby, if the elder son, Pierre Lorillard, Jr., does not actually become heir to Rancocas, he will be made trustee for his little son, the third Pierre Lorillard, now 4 years of age, who is the future Master of Rancocas. Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Sr., is very proud of Rancocas. He desires that it shall remain linked with his posterity, and maintained in all its glory. His little grandson is the sixth of the name; he already shows the sporting instinct in his fondness for greyhounds, and the true friends of the turf may rest assured that the cherry of the Lorillards is destined for a career as long and glorious as the yellow and black of the English [illegible] venors, which has survived through [illegible] generations.

FASHION NOTES.

—Broad-striped materials worn under bodices and tunics of plain textiles are again in high vogue.

—Feather-striped woolen novelty goods are not really striped with feathers but with a silken cashmere goat's-hair textile of great beauty and durability.

—There are few fabrics that combine more of the best qualities of woolen goods than the woolen serges. They are durable, ladylike, and just now very popular.

—All medium shades of dark and pale green are fashionable—reseda, sage, cress, Chartreuse, olive, Russian or bottle or invisible green, bronze and even pea-green.

—The newest stockings have the feet, ankles and half-way the calf in solid color, the upper half in contrasting color, sometimes striped, again barred, and frequently plain, but in color of a sharp contrast to the lower half of the hose.

—A stylish cloth costume is made in this way: The overskirt is mounted in wide, flat plaits in front, while the back is draped. The jacket is open in front, being turned back on either side, showing a chemisette of silk to match or of a contrasting color.

—Tinsel is a steadily increasing element in millinery decoration. Tinsel plush, where shining lines of gilt or silver lie imbedded, is shown in endless designs and rich colorings, and heavy tinsel and chenille cordings, bands and soft, rich networks are among the very recent importations.

—A promenade serge gown has a plaited skirt, draped overskirt and bodice of navy-blue serge trimmed with red mohair braid. Another is made up of woolen check. The skirt, which is full, is otherwise perfectly plain. The tunic is draped en pannier, with pouf behind. A sash of ribbon matching the ground or predominating color of the check falls at the side. It has a gathered plastron, and collar and cuffs of silk.

—A white veloutine robe has a square train. The loose front and side breadths are of gold brocade, bordered by a frill of gold lace. The pointed bodice has folds of the silk laid on either side of the pointed opening, which, as well as the elbow sleeves, is filled in with Duchesse lace under a frill of gold lace. Broad white loops and brocaded ends, edged with gold lace, fall from beneath the bodice at the left side.

—An olive-green faille francaise reception dress has a full draped apron front. The back drapery is long and straight, showing a plush panel at one side. The bodice is of plush of the same shade, with a full plastron of faille francaise, bordered with olive-green wool lace, interwoven with threads of dull gold. The sleeves have folds of the silk covered with a full frill of the woolen lace.

—The muffs in the newest French fashion plates are eccentricity itself. Some are gathered at the ends so that they look like muskmelons; some appear to be drawn together in the center and flare open so as to seem like two fans fastened together under a ribbon; some are hooped like a barrel; and one, otherwise simple is ornamented by a bow of ribbon from which depends a shield with armorial bearings.

—Blanket wrappers, made of woolen stuffs such as never yet on sea or shore were used for blankets, however artfully they may imitate them in the bands of coloring used for trimming, appear in great heaps on the dry goods counters. They are pretty and make good winter dressing gowns, and also "fire gowns" like that described by Mrs. Whitney in "We Girls."

—Late ideas introduce styles of bonnets that compare agreeably with the heavy blanket fabrics. Fur felt, fine moleskin, plush and felt bonnets add the finishing harmony to the anticipated heavy winter toilets which consist of bison homespuns, rough twilled camels'hair, Astrakan cloths, *boucle* and other described fabrics. The ribbons partake of the general shagginess in imitation of bands of Astrakan, and others of frise velvet, striped wool and frise stripes of plush one of which is plain the other curly, and there are other soft, thin wool ribbons with edges of narrow plush, velvet or heavy silk. These ribbons are set in long loops from the crown drooping over to the brim, with the addition of two or three quill feathers, or an ornament of metal, wings of fanciful feathers that lose their identity beneath the weight of beads or glittering silver or gold incrustations. Imitation cat-tails and pyramidal grasses are used for this stiff style of trimming, especially for the high-crowned toques and turbans. There are some models of mingled fabrics, as a velvet bonnet of beaver-brown with a slashed brim covered with three or four folds of heavy moleskin plush of a darker shade; the strings are brown satin with picot edge; a large nondescript bird sits with folded wings on top just where the folds meet in a nest of long velvet loops. Heavy bonnets of plush are decorated with several rows of carved wooden beads placed around the edge and brightened with a cluster of bronze, pansy-colored, and asparagus-green and Indian-red feathers on top. The Astrakan cloth bonnets are seen with the Alpine crowns, high round crowns, and horse-shoe crowns; small shapes covered with one fabric, as a change from the mixed materials, are narrow and the horse-shoe crown is either simulated with beads or the crown itself takes that shape. The embroidered cloth bonnets take precedence over the other wool styles in beauty, not only with the richest costumes, but corresponding with the embroidered cloth costumes.

Naturalists in England and Scotland are complaining of the rapid extermination of the rarest and most beautiful native plants. They view with alarm reckless gathering by students in botany, and the still greater ravages by professional plant hunters, who supply roots and dried specimens to tourists and the general public, whereby the common wild flowers are becoming scarce and the rare ones are fast becoming extinct.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Nov. 25 1885.

THE PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

New Officers for the National Grange—Recommendations to Subordinate Granges.

Boston, Nov. 18.—The National Grange of the patrons of Husbandry reconvened this morning and elected the following officers: P. Darden, Worthy Master; J. C. Draper, Overseer; Mortimore Whitehead, Lecturer; A. J. Rose, Chaplain; J. E. Hall, Steward; W. H. Stinson, Ass't Steward; F. M. McDowell, of New Jersey, Treasurer; John Trimble, of Washington City, Secretary; Henry Thompson, of Delaware, Gate-Keeper; Ceres, Mrs. Kate Darden, of Mississippi; Pomona, Mrs S. H. Neal, of Kentucky; Flora, Mrs. James C. Draper, of Massachusetts; Lady Ass't Steward, Mrs. E. M. Lipscom, of South Carolina.

A series of resolutions were adopted recommending that officers and members of subordinate granges make their instructions and principles a matter of special and careful study; that above all party considerations stands the American Government and pledging the order to defend law and order everywhere; deploring the attacks on private character of candidates for official position; recommending biennial State elections; opposing the creation of all unjust monopolies by force of law; recognizing the equality of the two sexes and hailing with delight any advancement of the legal status of women; urging farmers to united and determined efforts in protecting their interests through the ballot, and favoring the promotion of the office of Commissioner of Agriculture to a Cabinet position.

A motion in support of the striking shoe lasters at Brockton was adopted.

Curious to think that desks and chairs kill people, but they do. Taken in large quantities office furniture is fatal as yellow fever. We sit and write ourselves away. Sedentary habits produce constipation; that begets dyspepsia, rheumatism and kidney trouble follow in their train, and death ends the chapter. You whose lives are passed over desk and counter and in the confined air of offices ought to keep Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" always at hand for stomach and brain. nov

MR. MINGLE THE ONLY ONE.

But May Be the Returns of that Land Swindle are Not All In.

Williamsport, Nov. 18. In 1880 Mr. S. Q. Mingle, a music teacher doing business in this city, entered into a correspondence with F Foster Smith and J. B. Benton, representing themselves as the United States Land and Investment Co., of New Jersey. Mr. Mingle was swindled out of 6,000 acres of land in Clinton and Centre counties. The land company agreed to pay Mr. Mingle six $1,000 bonds and only sent him three, which on investigation proved to be not worth the paper they were printed on. These bonds were supposed to have been issued on lands in Texas which it was claimed were worth $1,000,000. Mingle had Smith and Benton arrested Tuesday in New York and they are now in Ludlow street jail. When seen by a reporter this morning Mr. Mingle refused to make any statement. He said: "I was swindled by these men who wrote me glowing letters about the company and that is about all. My lawyer has advised me not to make any statement, as it might injure my case. I will not say anything either for or against it." Failing to get any information from the swindled music dealer, several business men were interviewed and it was discovered that the Land Company had flooded this county with circulars about a year ago, but failed to catch any one except Mingle.

Mr. Mingle was an Aaronsburg boy, where he was familiarly known as Sampson Mingle. He is now one of the prominent business men of Williamsport.

There must be an open road between the food we eat and the substance of which our bodies are composed. If the road is clogged or closed we sicken, faint and die. This road is made up of the organs of digestion and assimilation. Of these the stomach and liver are chief Most people have had more or less experience of the horrors of constipation. Prevent it and all its fearful sequences by using Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy." It is the first step that costs. nov

A PETRIFIED BOOT.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 19.—Nelson Lucas, of the Interior Department, has just arrived in this city from his vacation in Pennsylvania. He brought with him a petrified boot with part of the leg broken off. It is supposed that the foot and part of the leg was petrified in the boot. The substance weighs seven lbs. and was found near Bellefonte, Pa Mr Lucas will send it to the Smithsonian Institute or the National Museum.

TWELVE YEARS IN BED FOR SPITE

Lying in the baggage room at the Pittsburg Union Station, the other morning, were two women upon couches, who had come in on a morning train from Midway, on the Panhandle. They were mother and daughter An interesting story was told of the two invalids by a passenger on the train they came in on. The names of both is Bell and they lived at Midway. The mother had been in bed for twelve years. At that time she was living with her husband, who is a farmer in Washington County. She quarrelled with him one day and made a vow that she would go to bed and stay there till she died. She has kept the vow until the present time. Three years ago she persuaded her daughter to take the same vow, which she did, and both are keeping it. The woman has been separated from her husband for several years, and she, in company with her daughter, are going on a visit to Leetonia, O. They left on the train for that place.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL, WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES, FOR WASHING CHILDREN.

Dr. S. W. Cohen, of Waco, Texas, says. "I have used your Emulsion in infantile wasting with good results. It not only restores wasted tissue, but gives strength, and I heartily recommend it for diseases attended by atrophy." nov

Goldsmith Brothers—Bee-Hive.

SECOND AND LAST

Sledge Hammer Sales!!

FOR 1885, AT THE

BEE HIVE STORE

Beginning Saturday, November 21, '85.

Owing to the backwardness of the season we are overstocked on heavy winter goods, and as we are bound to make them move, we have put the knife into prices. Read and reflect where to go to get the most for your money.

1 lot of good Prints at 3c, worth 5c.
All of our best Standard Prints at 5c, worth 7.
All of our best Satines at 6c, worth 8.
Same 1 yard wide at 8½c, worth 14.
Good unbleached Canton Flannel at 4c ,worth 8.
All wool Tricot Cloths at 50c, worth 75.
Heavy Huck Towels, 19x34, 25 c per peir worth 40.
Best Linen Towels, 21x43, at 35c a pair, worth 60,
Same, 24x48, at 50c a pair, worth $1.
One-Strap Horse Blankets, 65c, worth 90.
Two-Strap Horse Blankets, 75c, worth $1.
Wool Blankets, weighing 8 lbs. each, only $3.25.
Gray, White and Red Blankets from 75c to $5 per pair, which is at least 25 per cent below value.
1 lot Buggy or Sleigh Robes, $2.50, worth $4.
1 lot Men's scarlet all wool Shirts and Drawers, 45c, worth $1.
1 lot Men's brown mixed Shirts and Drawers, 60 per cent wool, 50c.
1 lot Men's Woolen Socks, seamless, 18c, worth 35.
1 lot of Men's extra heavy scarlet Socks, at 25c worth 50.
1 lot Ladies' all wool factory made Hose, at 25c, worth 50.
1 lot Corsets, makes that we are giving up at less than half cost.

Ladies' Coat Department. **Ladies' Coat Department.**

We will not wait until after the Holidays to reduce prices on these goods, will do it now.

Russian Circulars reduced from			$ 7 00 to $5 00	Newmarkets reduced from			$13 00 to $10 00
Newmarkets	do	do	6 00 to 4 00	do	do	do	15 00 to 12 00
do	do	do	8 00 to 6 00	Plush Coats	do	do	25 00 to 18 00
do	do	do	10 00 to 8 00	Best Silk Sealskin Plush red'd from			45 00 to 30 00

Merchant Tailoring Department.

Suits to order reduced from	$20 to $16	Suits to order reduced from	$35 to $28
Suits to order reduced from	25 to 20	Suits to order reduced from	40 to 32
Suits to order reduced from	30 to 25	Pants to order reduced from	8 to 5

A uniform reduction of 20 per cent. on all Hats and Caps purchased from us—every one new and desirable. Jersey Caps, 15c.

In fact we have made a general reduction all along the line, and we beg leave to state that bargains to be offered in the midst of the busy season is something unprecedented in the history of the trade. Therefore go early and avail yourselves of the opportunity. Goods that are sold out will positively not be duplicated, because we shall take inventory January 1st, and therefore will buy no more goods from now on.

TERMS STRICTLY CASH. TERMS STRICTLY CASH.

GOLDSMITH BROTHERS,

Bee Hive One Price Store.

If you wish to Farm for Profit, READ

"HOW THE FARM PAYS," 412 pages, $2.50

If you wish to Garden for Profit, READ

"GARDENING FOR PROFIT," 300 pages, $1.50

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"PRACTICAL FLORICULTURE," 300 pages, $1.50

All By PETER HENDERSON.

Any of the above books mailed free on receipt of the price. Our Catalogue for 1886, of 140 pages, containing descriptions and illustrations of the *newest, best,* and *rarest SEEDS* and *PLANTS,* will be mailed on receipt of 6 cts. in stamps to cover postage.

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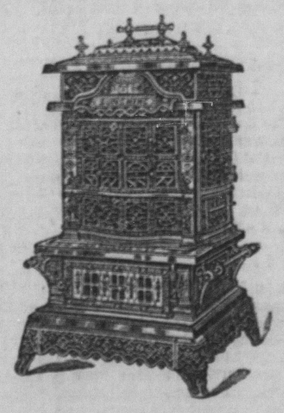

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will contain a new and never before published series of "Irenaeus Letters"; regular correspondence from Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy; Letters from Mission Stations in India, China, Japan, Africa and Micronesia; original articles from men of influence and knowledge of affairs in different parts of this country, and selected articles from the choicest literary and religious publications, in poetry and prose.

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THE GREAT SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR Unfailing Specific FOR Liver Disease.

SYMPTOMS: Bitter or bad taste in mouth; tongue coated white or covered with a brown fur; pain in the back, sides, or joints often mistaken for Rheumatism; **sour stomach; loss of appetite;** sometimes nausea and waterbrash, or indigestion; flatulency and acid eructations; bowels alternately costive and lax; **headache;** loss of memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; **debility;** low spirits; a thick, **yellow** appearance of the skin and eyes; a dry cough; fever; restlessness; the urine is scanty and high-colored, and, if allowed to stand, deposits a sediment.

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Is generally used in the South to arouse the Torpid Liver to a healthy action. Being **entirely vegetable,** no particular care is required while using this medicine.

The Regulator acts without disturbance to the system, diet or occupation. It regulates the Liver, and Nature relieving herself, causes the bile to act as the purge. The excess of bile being removed, a **tonic effect** is produced, and health is perfectly restored.

It Regulates the Bowels and Removes CONSTIPATION.

It is a CERTAIN CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.

The **Regulator** contains no quinine, mineral, or anything that will injure the most delicate patient, and is given with **safety** and the **happiest results** to the most delicate infant. For all diseases in which **a laxative, alterative or purgative** is needed it will give the most perfect satisfaction. **The Cheapest, Purest and Best Family Medicine in the World!**

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Sold by all Druggists.

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7oct6t G. W. GINGERICH, Executor, Centre Hall.

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DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS
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Of worth as rare, as much deserving;
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For Epilepsy, Spasms, Fevers, Colics, Cramps, Coughs, Colds, or any kind of Phthysic;
Its merit as a leader stamps
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It goes at once right to the spot
Where lurks the danger, never swerving;
In all the world perhaps there's not
A cure like Dr. Richmond's "Nervine."

As in the blood diseases lie;
Each artery, each vein, each curve in;
There's nothing makes ill humor fly,
Like the "Samaritan Nervine."

For old or young, for rich or poor,
Whatever class of life you serve in,
To health wide open is the door,
From the "Samaritan Nervine."

Then, do you value strength and health,
And think these blessings worth preserving?
Better than all Golconda's wealth,
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Springfield, Mass., Mar. 22, '84.

Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—For ten years I have been afflicted with kidney disease in its most acute form. What I suffered must be left to the imagination, for no one can appreciate it except those who have gone through it. I resorted to many physicians and to many different kinds of treatment, and spent a great deal of money, only to find myself older and worse than ever. I may say that I used 25 bottles of a preparation widely advertised as a specific for this precise sort of troubles, and found it entirely useless—at least in my case. Your "FAVORITE REMEDY"—I say it with a perfect recollection of all that was done for me besides—is the only thing that did me the slightest good, and I am happy to admit that it gave me permanent relief. I have recommended "Favorite Remedy" to many people for kidney disease, and they all agree with me in saying that Dr. David Kennedy's FOVORITE REMEDY has not its equal in the wide world for this distressing and often fatal complaint. Use this letter as you deem best for the benefit of others. Yours, &c.,

LYMAN CRAWFORD.

Read what the people say concerning the ability of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil to cure asthma, catarrh, croup, colds etc. Mrs. Dora Koch of Buffalo, says: "For croup it is decidedly efficacious." [Mrs. Jacob Mellisor of Marion Ohio, says the same thing.] S. S. Graves, Akron, N. Y., writes: "Had asthma of the worst kind, took one dose of Thomas' Eclectric Oil and was relieved in a few minutes. Would walk five miles for this medicine and pay $5 a bottle for it." Druggist C. R. Hall, Grayville, Ill., says: "Cured an ulcerated throat for me in twenty-four hours." "Sat up in bed and coughed till the clothing was wet with perspiration. My wife insisted that I use Thomas' Eclectric Oil. The first teaspoonful RELIEVED me." E. H. Perkins, Creek Centre, N.Y., Thomas' Eclectric Oil is also a TIP-TOP external application for rheumatism, cuts, scalds, burns, bites, bruises, etc. When visiting the druggist, ask him what he knows of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil; if he has been long in the drug trade, be sure he will speak highly of it.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

50c -THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL-$1.00

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RAKES, FORKS,
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OVER 1,000,000
BOTTLES SOLD AND NEVER
FAILS TO CURE COUGHS COLDS.
THROAT AND ALL LUNG TROUBLES
ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT PRICE.
25 CTS.
COUGH SYRUP
DON'T FORGET THAT
DR. LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER
ALWAYS CURES PIMPLES, BOILES, SORE EYES,
MALERIA, MECURIAL AND ALL BLOOD DISEASES
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
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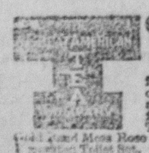

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES,

Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Gold Band and Moss Rose Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address

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P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

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Furnishes and Keeps on Hand

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FLOORING OF ALL KINDS,
SIDING SHUTTERS,
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Terms Reasonable, and all Orders Promptly attended to.

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A. G. NOLL,

BOOT and SHOE MAKER,

CENTRE HALL.

The undersigned has opened a shop in the rear of the bank, on Church street and is prepared to do all kinds of work. New boots and shoes made to order, and repairing done. Satisfaction is guaranteed and all work promptly attended to. He kindly asks a share of the public patronage [out18ja'y] A. G. NOLL.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The best salve in the world for cuts bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents a box. For sale by J. Zeller & Son, Bellefonte, Druggists. jan7y

ARSENIC EATING.

It must not, however, be supposed that any one takes to hedri, or arsenic eating, quite openly. On the contrary, it is generally begun in secret and at the increase of the moon, and in some villages with superstitious observances. A very small dose is at first taken once a week—bread and butter is the favorite medium—then twice a week, and so on, until, when the individual arrives at a dose daily, the dose itself is increased till as much be taken as in ordinary circumstances would kill two or three individuals. But it must not be understood that those people can consume the drug altogether with impunity. When they first begin with their very small doses, they are seized with nausea and burning pains in the mouth, throat and stomach, and are probably very much more uncomfortable than a boy who has taken his first cigar.

But one peculiarity of arsenic eating is this, that when a man has once begun to indulge in it he must continue to indulge; for if he ceases the arsenic in his system poisons him; or, as it is popularly expressed, the last dose kills him. Indeed, the arsenic-eater must not only continue his indulgence—he must also increase the quantity of the drug, so that it is extremely difficult to stop the habit; for, as sudden cessation causes death, the gradual cessation produces such a terrible heart-gnawing that no genuine arsenic-eater ever ceased to eat arsenic while life lasted. It is curious that while, on the one hand, the human organism is so remarkably sensitive to arsenic, a man may, on the other hand, indulge in these poisonous doses for years. This is probably owing to the fact that arsenic acts on the skin, and thus is being constantly carried out of the system, and also because it is readily eliminated by the kidneys. Now, this prevents any accumulation going on in the tissues, and thus what might seem mythical is at least brought within the range of possibility. It has been calculated that this process of elimination has to be carried on for fourteen days before a given dose is entirely removed. But yet the fact remains that these Austrian peasants can swallow arsenic to an extent and with an impunity unprecedented in the annals of toxicology.

For the solution of the problem we may offer the following considerations: First of all, the human organism may become accustomed to most if not all poisons, if they are administered at first in exceedingly small doses, and in this way a poison, as is well known, may become a "mithridate" to itself. Secondly, though the human organism is extremely sensitive to arsenic, yet some constitutions may be less so than others; thus, the arsenic-eaters of Styria are all of them robust mountaineers, whose forefathers have eaten arsenic from generation to generation, so that, as may be supposed, each generation has become more and more arsenic proof than the one before it. Thirdly, like most mountaineers, the Styrians consume large quantities of milk and butter, as well as other food rich in fats, when the oily matters to a certain extent unite with the arsenic, forming an arsenical soap, which does not so readily enter into the blood, so that the total amount of arsenic actually assimilated is proportionately small. From this we see that if the Styrian partakes of an unusual amount of this deadly drug he is at the same time not only less susceptible to its influence by his hereditary descent and his habits, but his food supplies him with some sort of an antidote.

CRABS.

On placing the foot on the region occupied by them one perceives an undulation of the surface, followed, over a circular area, by a surprising change of the pure white ground into a warm sand color, which for the moment the stranger puts down to some affection of his eyes from the reflection of the light. He soon perceives that this movement is caused by the simultaneous stampede of the dense crowd of peopled shore into their dwellings, just within the door of which they halt, with the larger of their two pincer claws, which is of a rich pink color, effectually barring the entrance except where one watchful stalked eye is thrust out to take an inquiring look if the alarm is real. As one advances the pink areas again change into white, as the crustaceans withdraw into their subterranean fastnesses. On traversing a broad field occupied by these crabs, the constant undulations and change of colors produce a curious dazzling effect upon the eyes.

ABOUT CLOTHING.

A German professor has stated a new theory respecting clothing. He objects to garments made of linen or cotton, and gives many reasons why wool should be the sole clothing of human beings. Wool is the natural covering of animals. It rids their bodies of effete and poisonous emanations, and protects them from the inclemency of the weather. But cotton and linen are composed of vegetable fibre. They are dead materials, and retain the noxious excretions from our bodies, thus slowly poisoning us.

In the intellectual order minorities alway have ruled and always will rule. One hundred men do most of the thinking for an age; six men the singing, ten men the theology. And so in all the branches of thought.

Fall styles of hats and caps just received at the Bee Hive.

AN INDIAN AUCTION.

A correspondent says: "I witnessed an interesting feature in Indian life a short time ago at one of the camps in the Kaw Agency, Indian Territory. A tent had been erected, and all the effects of a dead brave were deposited in the tent. The Indians were going to hold an auction. At early dawn before the sun the Indians gathered around the tent. The auctioneer, stepping out of the tent holding a blanket in his hands, began in a loud voice to invite bids on the blanket. 'Four dollars,' sang out an old man who had a patch of yellow paint under his right eye, and sat on the outer edge of the circle which had now formed around the tent. 'I will give you five,' cried one of the Indians sitting in the circle. 'It is yours,' said the auctioneer, and the bidder, after depositing a due bill for the amount, received the blanket. The auctioneer now brought out a pair of beaded leggings, and the bidding began.

One thing was noticeable, the number bidding never exceeded two, and the article was invariably knocked down to the second bidder. Moccasins, necklaces, fans of eagle feathers—in fact the whole paraphernalia of a complete Indian outfit was brought out and sold to the highest bidder. Finally an Indian pipe of red stone—a very large and handsome one—was brought out, and the bidding became livelier. 'Five dollars' was shouted. 'Eight' sang out a trader, who, besides myself was the only paleface in the audience, and who already saw the pipe in his mind's eye hanging with his other Indian curiosities; but he was doomed to disappointment when a hungry-looking member of the circle, who was evidently wanting his breakfast and was anxious to bring the ceremonies to a close, said: 'My brother, that pipe has been smoked in many councils. Our brother who lies buried on yonder hill,' pointing to a pile of rocks on a high hill in the distance, 'thought much of that pipe. I am not willing it should fall into other hands. My brother, I will give a pony for the pipe.' These remarks of Old Hungry were received with a few short yells, which denoted great satisfaction.

At this point a member with nothing on but a breech-clout came dashing into the circle, holding in his hands a skillet filled with live coals. He was followed by another one bearing in his arms a lot of cedar, which was deposited over the coals. These two were followed by the dead Indian's relatives—wife, sister and children—moaning and wringing their hands. The burning cedar now began to pour forth a volume of smoke, and one by one the members of the band rushed into the smoke, bending down close to the coals, turning round and round, with many wild gestures and with outstretched blanket, the smoke at times completely hiding them from view. 'Come on, my son,' said one of the party, taking a firm hold of the trader's arm, and reluctantly the paleface was drawn into the smoke, where he performed the smoke act to the evident satisfaction of the party. Hastily withdrawing in a fit of coughing and gasping for breath, he was met with many cries of 'Good, my son!' The ghosts will never trouble you.' The performance was now ended by the auctioneer turning over all the receipts of the sale to the relations."

SECRETS OF THE TEA TRADE.

"Americans and Europeans make a great mistake in buying tea," said an educated Chinese merchant. They invariably rely upon the name instead of judging of the quality of the tea by its appearance. The Chinese never do that, for they are aware that no other people under the sun are so adroit in the adulteration of goods as their own nation. No dependence can be placed on a mere name in the tea trade. Chinese people judge of tea just as Americans do of butter, by its looks. To determine this is a matter of education in the same way that judging of butter is. Tea of good quality, unadulterated, is almost inodorous and diffuses little aroma when placed in boiling water. The Chinese invariably use black tea at home and almost exclusively here also. This is both from preference for its trade and because it is considered healthier.

"The best tea brought to this country is the black, the finer grades of green tea being all consumed in China. Green tea, too, is subject to more forms of adulteration, over two hundred methods being employed to that end. Beside, it is cured in copper pans and is always more or less impregnated with copper dust. These pans are none too clean, either, as the growers care nothing what kind of stuff they palm off on people so unfortunate as to have been born outside of the Flowery Kingdom. They term all other races 'barbarians.' Green tea is dried in the sun; black by artificial heat.

"The best tea obtained in this country is that imported by Chinese dealers. They get it from some one they know in the old country at less price than it will be sold to foreigners. They can secure a better grade than other buyers, because they know what they are buying, and it is useless for their countrymen to try to impose upon them."

We may like the company we meet with, but, if we are brought to contact with it, we must make the best of it.

Madras, madras clappets, and pongee at Dr. Garman's. 5t1

Superior Excellence.

The reasons for PERUNA'S superior excellence in all diseases, and its *modus operandi*, are fully explained in Dr. Hartman's lecture, reported in his book on the "Ills of Life and How to Cure Them," from page 1 to page 10 though the whole book should be read and studied to get the full value of this *par excellent* remedy. These books can be had at all the drug stores gratis.

W. D. Williams, U. S. Pension Agent and Notary Public, New Vienna, Clinton County, Ohio, writes: "I take great pleasure in testifying to your medicines. I have used about one bottle and a half, and can say I am almost a new man. Have had the catarrh about twenty years. Before I knew what it was, had settled on the lungs and breast, but can now say I am almost well. Was in the army; could get no medicine there that would relieve me."

Col. E. Finger, Ashland, Ohio, writes: "I am happy to say I have used several bottles of your medicine called PERUNA, and my health has been greatly improved by it. I cheerfully recommend PERUNA to all who suffer with heart trouble, as being an invaluable medicine."

Rev. J. M. Ingling, Altamont, Ill., writes: "My father-in-law, who resides with me has been using your PERUNA for kidney disease, which has afflicted him for forty years and could get no relief until he saw your medicine. I induced him to try a bottle, which he did, and the one bottle of PERUNA and one bottle of MANALIN has given him more relief than all the other medicines he ever used."

Mr. Robert Grimes, Rendville, Ohio, writes: "My wife has been an intense sufferer from chronic catarrh, and after every other remedy had failed she commenced to use your PERUNA and MANALIN. They have helped my dear wife more than anything she has ever used. She has now taken two bottles, and is so much better that she will never quit its use until she is entirely well. It has wonderfully improved her sight. We think PERUNA and MANALIN will cure any disease."

R. Palmer, Pastor of the A. M. E. Church, No. 192 Canal Street, Wilkesbarre Luzerne Co., Pa., writes: "Having used your PERUNA, and by experience became acquainted with its value, I write asking you to please send me five bottles of PERUNA and one of MANALIN by express and oblige, your humble servant."

Cook Bros., Prospect, Marion County, Ohio, writes: "We have a good trade on PERUNA, our customers speak well of it.

TRADE MARK.

KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY,

THE GREAT

Blood Purifier of the World.

AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR

CATARRH.

THE most stubborn cases yield readily to it and has not failed to Cure a single case where directions are followed. Its success has been remarkable and its cures wonderful. It is the most successful preparation in the market for CATARRH and the only one that promises an Absolute, Positive Cure. It is truly a blessing to mankind. A Trial is all that is asked for it. Once used, it is always recommended. Send for testimonials of actual cures.

IT HAS NO EQUAL FOR

MALARIA.

A POSITIVE CURE IS ASSURED.

One bottle is generally sufficient for a cure. Stop taking Quinine. A trial only is asked for KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY. It is a SPECIFIC for all diseases arising from an impure blood and drives all eruptions from the skin. For Syphilitic complaints it is superior to any preparation in the market. One bottle will cure most of the following complaints and a continued use will POSITIVELY cure. Save doctor bills and try it.

RHEUMATISM.
SCROFULA.
SKIN ERUPTIONS.
VENEREAL DISEASES.
DYSPEPSIA.
LOSS OF APPETITE.
FEELING OF LANGOUR.
BILIOUSNESS.
LIVER TROUBLES.
NERVOUS WEAKNESS.
FEMALE WEAKNESS.

KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY is no patent medicine, but a safe and pleasant preparation to take and surely the greatest medical discovery of the age. One bottle rejuvenates the entire system and possesses more virtue than a half dozen bottles of ordinary patent preparations. Write for testimonials and other information.

☞ For sale by druggists generally.

PRICE $1.00 A BOTTLE. SIX BOTTLES FOR $5.00. On receipt of $5.00 by the manufacturers, SAMUEL F. KELLER & Co., Harrisburg, Pa., six bottles will be sent express paid.

TRADE MARK.

PYÆMIA

Is the most virulent form of blood-poisoning. Less speedily fatal, but not less certainly so, is the vitiation of the blood of which the first symptoms are Pimples, Sties, Boils, and Cutaneous Eruptions. When the taint of Scrofula gives warning of its presence by such indications, no time should be lost in using AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, the only perfect and reliable medicine for the purification of the blood.

SCROFULA

Is a foul corruption in the blood that rots out all the machinery of life. Nothing will eradicate it from the system and prevent its transmission to offspring but AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. This preparation is also the only one that will cleanse the blood of Mercurial poison and the taint of Contagious Diseases. Impoverished blood is productive of

ANÆMIA,

A wretched condition indicated by Pallid Skin, Flaccid Muscles, Shattered Nerves, and Melancholy. Its first symptoms are Weakness, Languor, Loss of Nerve Force, and Mental Dejection. Its course, unchecked, leads inevitably to insanity or death. Women frequently suffer from it. The only medicine that, while purifying the blood, enriches it with new vitality, and invigorates the whole system, is

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists: Price $1; Six bottles for $5.

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We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the
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FORT ORANGE,
EASTLAKE AND
WELCOME HOME.
In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER
In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.

A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.

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25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A
TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

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A GREAT CAUSE OF HUMAN MISERY IS THE LOSS OF

MANHOOD

A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment and Radical Cure Seminal Weakness of Spermatorrhœa, induced by Self Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, etc., by ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M. D.

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This lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, post paid, on receipt of four cents or two postage stamps. Address,

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41 Ann St., New York, N. Y., Post Office Box 450.
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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—(Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after Nov. 8, 1885.

			WESTWARD.		
ERIE MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia		11 20 p m	
"	"	Harrisburg		3 30 a m	
"	"	Montandon		5 40 a m	
"	"	Williamsport		7 25 a m	
"	"	Jersey Shore		7 52 a m	
"	"	Lock Haven		8 18 a m	
"	"	Renovo		9 25 a m	
"	arr at	Erie		5 15 p m	
NEWS EXPRESS	leaves	Philadelphia		4 30 a m	
"	"	Harrisburg		8 10 a m	
"	"	Montandon		10 12 a m	
"	"	Williamsport		11 10 a m	
"	arr at	Lock Haven		12 05 p m	
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves	Philadelphia		7 40 a m	
"	"	Harrisburg		11 25 a m	
"	"	Montandon		1 23 a m	
"	arr at	Williamsport		2 30 p m	
"	"	Lock Haven		3 56 p m	
"	"	Renovo		5 05 p m	
"	"	Kane		9 25 p m	
EAST LINE	leaves	Philadelphia		11 50 p m	
"	"	Harrisburg		3 45 p m	
"	"	Montandon		5 54 p m	
"	"	Williamsport		7 10 p m	
"	"	Lock Haven		8 07 p m	
"	arr at	Renovo		9 00 p m	
		(Sunday Train.			
SUNDAY MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia		4 30 a m	
"	"	Harrisburg		7 40 a m	
"	"	Montandon		9 37 a m	
"	"	Williamsport		10 40 a m	
"	"	Lock Haven		11 33 a m	
"	arrives	Renovo		12 30 p m	
		EASTWARD.			
SEA SHORE EXP.	leaves	Lock Haven		7 00 a m	
"	"	Jersey Shore		7 29 a m	
"	"	Williamsport		8 10 a m	
"	"	Montandon		9 16 a m	
"	arr at	Harrisburg		11 30 a m	
"	"	Philadelphia		3 15 p m	
DAY EXPRESS	leaves	Kane		6 15 a m	
"	"	Renovo		10 10 a m	
"	"	Lock Haven		11 10 a m	
"	"	Williamsport		12 20 p m	
"	"	Montandon		1 23 p m	
"	arr at	Harrisburg		3 25 p m	
"	"	Philadelphia		6 50 p m	
RENOVO ACC'N	leaves	Renovo		4 00 p m	
"	"	Lock Haven		5 05 p m	
"	"	Williamsport		6 20 p m	
"	"	Montandon		7 27 p m	
"	arrives at	Harrisburg		9 40 p m	
"	"	Philadelphia		4 25 a m	

Sunday Train—RENOVO Accommod'n East runs also on Sundry.

ERIE MAIL	leaves	Erie	2 40 p m
"	"	Renovo	11 00 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	12 03 p m
"	"	Williamsport	1 20 a m
"	"	Montandon	2 24 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	4 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	8 25 a m

Erie Mail East, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.
BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R.
Daily Except Sunday.

Westward.				Eastward.		
P M	A.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	A M	P.M.	P M
1 35	10 15	5 50	Montandon	9 10	1 10	5 50
2 00	10 25	6 30	Lewisburg	8 55	12 55	5 35
2 11		6 45	Biehl	8 32		5 20
2 19		6 53	Vicksburg	8 27		5 00
2 30		7 10	Mifflinburg	8 25		4 45
2 49		7 35	Millmont	7 55		4 23
2 58		7 45	Laurelton	7 45		4 13
4 03		8 45	Coburn	6 55		2 53
4 14		8 55	Zerby	6 46		2 43
4 30		9 05	Rising Spring	6 35		2 20
4 41		9 15	Penn Cave	6 25		2 10
4 52		9 25	Centre Hall	6 15		2 00
5 01		9 33	Gregg	6 07		1 52
5 12		9 43	Linden Hall	5 58		1 43
5 20		9 50	Oak Hall	5 51		1 36
5 30		10 00	Lemont	5 45		1 30
5 38		10 08	Dale Summit	5 37		1 22
5 49		10 19	Pleasant Gap	5 26		1 11
5 53		10 23	Axemann	5 22		1 07
6 00		10 30	Bellefonte	5 15		1 00

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.25 a m, 9.55 a m, and 7.10 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 a m, 6.05 p m and 7 30 p m.

CHAS. E PUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'ger Ag't

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1 A Full Scientific Course of Four Years.
2 A Full Latin Scientific Course.
3 The following ADVANCED COURSES, of two years each, following the first two years of the General Scientific Course (a) AGRICULTURE; (b) NATURAL HISTORY; (c) CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS; (d) CIVIL ENGINEERING.
4 A short SPECIAL COURSE
TURE.
5 A short SPECIAL COURSE in Chemistry.
6 A reorganized course in MECHANIC ARTS, combining shop-work with study.
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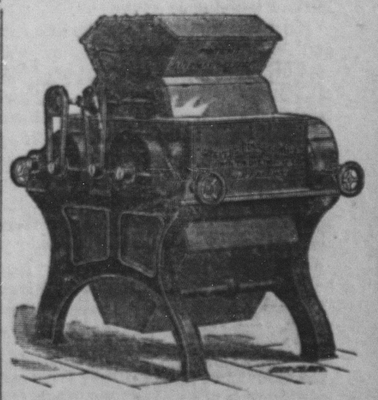

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Plain Dealings.

In great reforms go slow, of course,
For haste makes waste, we know;
But use a fair degree of force—
Go slow, but not too slow.

'Tis well, in turning rascals out,
To sort and sift them so;
But send them to the right about—
Go slow, but not too slow.

'Tis not so well to give, you see,
Rascals a chance to crow;
Let them be free, but not too free—
Go slow, but not too slow.

'Tis not so well to house and feed
Spies of the wily foe,
And gratify unfriendly greed!
Go slow, but not too slow.

The people's grand decree was right
That bade the rascals go,
And right is justly joined to might—
Go slow, but not too slow.

ON THE ROCKS AT CAPE ANN.

Kate and I went there to spend the summer. Is there really such a thing as fate or destiny or luck? Or was it simply blind chance that carried us to that little out of the way spot, where one of us at least was to find such unforeseen experiences. We knew of no special attractions there other than pure sea air and a comfortable lodging place, but we tired of Saratoga, Cape May and the Catskills. "Let us go to an unfashionable place," said Kate. "Let us find a place," quoth I, "where we can wear shade hats, big boots and no overskirts; and so we forthwith engaged two rooms in Miss Lane's boarding house at Annisquam, a quaint, queer, primitive, crooked little village, which makes one of the rocky knobs along the edge of Cape Ann.

Of the journey from Philadelphia to that distant haven where we would be," I cannot even now say much, for the very memory of it awakens sickening thoughts. Some of our friends, either in ignorance or malice, advised us to go by sea to Boston. We did so. Kate liked it, and was most aggravatingly well and lively all the way, while I lay prone and wretched, registering vows at the rate of sixty per hour, to the effect that never would I go anywhere by sea.

But it was over at last, and on the morning of the third day we were seated comfortably at an elegant breakfast in Boston, and all of my sea sickness passed away as if by magic. A pleasant journey of two hours by rail and a digester in the guise of a four miles stage ride in a crowded and not too easy vehicle brought us to the door of the pleasant old house which was to be our home during the hot summer months. Making a hasty toilet, and casting, meanwhile, glances of approval over the surroundings of our tidy little rooms, we descended to the parlor and went through the ordeal of presentation to the other boarders.

Well, we saw nothing remarkable among them either first or last, You need not conjure up a vision of love at first sight, nor of a sudden "affinity" between one of us and any of the twenty people with whom we were to pass the coming weeks. It was just an average party, no more; and Kate and I have always been noted for preferring people above the average. We found the usual depressing majority of women—why are there so many women wherever one goes? Some were married and had no children; for them the great excitement of life was the arrival of "Mr.——" by the evening stage. Some had a quiver full of little innocents, whose daily baths and naps and toilets, gave full occupation to mamma's hands and thoughts. And we had the noble army of spinsters—excellent women, who did a great deal of worsted work, played a little, sung a little, and made no impression whatever upon us, either in the beginning or at the end.

We came indoors to sleep and eat, and sometimes when the evening was cool or rainy, we made a virtue of necessity, put on our "city gowns," and talked society nonsense as if we liked it. But we felt like prisoners during these hours. Besides, Jack Adams was not in the parlor with us. He lived on board that beautiful little yacht the Butterfly, which he had brought from Boston, as if it were his petted child.

How shall I tell you about the part he soon claimed, and that was given him in our summer life? I say in "our" life, because, you see, he was for a time the friend of us both.

One day when there was no wind the Butterfly lay quiet at her moorings, her owner strolling over the rocks came suddenly upon Kate and myself trying to scale a height we had never before attempted, and as he was active, long-limbed, and possessed, moreover, of a good, stout staff, he offered his assistance, which we gladly accepted. We fell into conversation about the beautiful ocean view, the fine surrounding scenery, and then the yacht was noted and commented upon. Our new acquaintance casually mentioned the names of her former owners, who proved to be intimate friends of Kate in Boston. And so—and so, we parted that day, only to meet by accident the next, and afterwards, many another day, whether by accident or intention, who shall say?

We liked him, and he liked us; we soon found him to be a thorough gentleman, and as Kate and I were always together and Mrs. Grundy had not made her appearance at Annisquam, we finally spent most of our time, a blissful trio, sailing over the blue waters on the wings of a beautiful Butterfly, making long pedestrian expeditions to the various points of interest along the coast, and dreaming away the lovely moonlight evenings on our beloved rocks.

"Jack Adams," as everybody called him was a universal favorite, it seemed, and a welcome guest in every house, but by degrees he gave up nearly all other society for ours, and it came to be always together. I cannot describe the great charm there was about him. We used to say, "he is so jolly," and so he was, full of good nature and merriment, and wonderful conversational powers and a quick wit, but underneath the gay exterior lay a depth of feeling and habit of sober thought not discernible to general observation. He seldom referred to his home life or occupation, and for some reason or other, we never cared to inquire into either, until within a short time of our departure from Annisquam. We were content to have made so pleasant a friendship and it never crossed my mind that we could be anything but friends. I sincerely liked and admired him and believed that was all.

"Don't you think," said Kate one evening as she sat in my room for a little chat, before we said good night, that Jack Adams will be sorry when the time comes for us all to leave Cape Ann and go back to our work at home?"

"Yes, I suppose he will," I answered dreamily, not understanding a strange, sad feeling that shot through my heart, as she spoke; "but Kate, I wonder what his work is at home? He knows well enough by this time that yours is to paint pictures, and mine to teach music, and I have not the remotest idea what his occupation is."

"Molly, my dear arn't we two stupids? But, never mind before the sun sets tomorrow, we will know. Let us make a guess first; it is most important that you should be thoroughly posted, for if I am not much mistaken, you will be asked one of the days to share in his career, whatever it may be."

"Nonsense!" said I eagerly, "he cares nothing for me; if he has a preference it is for you."

"Now you are beginning to tell fibs, so I will take myself off, but first for our guesses; mine is, let me see—well, I think he is most probably a head book-keeper in a Boston wholesale establishment of some kind, and has managed to save a little money, has invested in a yacht, and takes his month's holiday down here."

"And I believe he is the son of a Boston nabob, with simple tastes, a dislike to the follies and frivolities of fashionable life, in which he is doubtless forced to join during the winter, and a love for nature, and he has let the rest of the family follow their inclinations, while he comes to commune with the sea and the the rocks——"

"And fall in love with my Molly into the bargain," finished Kate, whereupon I drove her from the room and went to bed.

Now to find out—What is he? It would be awkward to put the question to him direct, and to seek the desired information from the people around us, was not quite to our taste, so we resolved to bide our time and see what the next twenty-four hours would bring forth. In the morning, a small party, including ourselves, went off for a sail in the Butterfly. We were merry, and many a pleasant jest went around the little circle. It was Saturday, and some remark was made about the coming Sunday, following by a criticism on the very poor preaching we should probably hear if we should attend church in the village. To this part of the conversation I paid little heed. I knew the "meeting house," into whose precincts I, a high church Episcopalian, a devout believer in candlesticks, vestments, and all that sort of thing, should, of course never enter. But suddely my attention was caught. One of the company turning to the Butterfly captain, said, in most matter-of-fact tones: "You're a minister, Mr. Adams, why don't you preach for us, sometimes?"

"Well," reeplied Jack, "I expect to supply the pulpit, to-morrow. Mr. Brown wanted to go away for a week, and I promised to take his duty from him. Mind you all come to church."

The murder was out! And so was I in the next moment, for, as we moved to give more room to shift a sail, my foot must needs become entangled in a rope, I lost my balance, and tumbled head foremost into the water! But almost before I touched it, Jack's honest face, white as a sheet, was close to mine, and as his strong arm siezed me, I heard him cry, not caring for those around.

"Don't be afraid, my dearest, you are safe!" In less time than it requires to write a description of the scene I was on the deck again, half smothered in warm shawls and wraps, half choked by the raw brandy that was poured down my throat, and wholly dazed and bewildered by the two revelations so suddenly made to me.

Everybody talked and laughed as if nothing remarkable had happened and as if they had not heard Jack's astounding words. He said no more, until having quickly brought us ashore and seen me to the door of my room, he stepped before Kate, who evinced rather a decided impression to hustle him off, and whispered in my ear: "I shall look for you on the rocks, to-morrow morning, after breakfast." Then aloud: "I sincerely hope your sudden bath has done you no harm; but, of course, you will not be visible again to-day, so good bye for the present."

Off he marched. Between Kate and I utter silence. But that lasted only until my wet garments were thrown aside and a warm dressing gown replaced them. Then Kate planted herself in a chair directly in front of me, stared me full in the face and ejaculated "Well."

She really spoke only that single word, but the tone in which it was uttered made it contain two duodecimo volumes at the very least, and when I essayed to respond it seemed to me that a whole dictionary full of words would be inadequate to express my feelings. So instead of my saying anything I giggled—and then I cried, and the tears proved a kind of clearing up shower, and then we went to the subject more comfortably.

"Whoever heard of such a thing?" said Kate. "We never have heard him say or seen him do anything undignified, or unbefitting that profession—being out of the harness down here, and taking for granted, of course, that we had heard all about him from people around, he never thought it necessary to play parson. And I'm just delighted, Molly, my dear, that you have fallen in love with each other; you couldn't have done a better thing than to tumble overboard this morning, and thereby bring the affair to a crisis."

"There is no affair, as you call it," said I; "I don't care anything about him! at least—well, I don't exactly dislike him; but I would not marry a minister for all the world—no not even a bishop, much less that kind of a minister! Oh, dear, what am I to do? I wish I had never come to Cape Ann! and he said he should expect me to meet him on the rocks to-morrow morning! Beside, he is to preach at 11 o'clock, and he had much better be thinking of his sermon than talking nonsense to me."

And so I ran on, Kate listening with as grave a face as she could assume. At last I finished up with: "Perhaps it would be rude to take no notice of what he said so I will just stroll down to the beach for five minutes to-morrow morning, and tell him, of course, that I cannot possibly think of marrying him, and then you and I will go off for a long ramble, and forget all about it."

"Just as you say," replied Kate, trying to keep a sober face, "you cannot have anything to say but 'No'?"

It is very disagreeable to be obliged to own up to an inconsistency. I had much rather confess to having done something wicked, and from my earlier childhood, I had made it a point to cleave steadfastly to my principles once asserted. On the subject of matrimony I declared myself with no uncertain sound. I would never marry a Yankee minister, never, never! And yet, on this fair August morning, here was I, arraying myself in a killing white dress, a fresh blue ribbon on my bonny brown hair, and preparing deliberately to march down to the rocks, and be formally proposed to by a man whom I knew to be a Yankee minister. Of course, it was highly unconventional for me to go forth to meet my lover, instead of sitting in state to receive him, but there was no chance of an undisturbed tete-a-tete in the boarding house, and in truth, my only idea was to "get the thing over" as quickly as possible.

So, after breakfast, I cooly started off followed by Kate's benediction, and wondering within myself whether Jack would really take his dismissal much to heart. He was waiting for me on the shore, and we met under the shadow of a great boulder that seemed to shut us off from the world beyond. I can hardly tell what we said first. I think we exchanged some very feeble commonplace remarks about the weather and the lowness of the tide. Then Jack plunged boldly into the awkward chasm, and asked me then and there to marry him

"I could not think of it."

"Why?"

"You are a minister, and I so dislike ministers."

"You will make just the most bewitching parson's wife in the whole country."

"But you are a Yankee and I never could endure Yankees before!" (The last word in a low tone.)

"I shall prove to you that New Englanders are the salt of the earth."

"But I told Kate I did not intend to marry you, and I came here on purpose to say so."

"You shall use your woman's privilege of changing your mind, and Miss Kate is too good-natured to blame you for doing so—under the circumstances."

"But I am so very high church."

"You shall be as high as the sky if you like, and when you are ready to come down to a plain, sincere Christian man, there you will find me by your side."

"But you should not be so persistent—and it is time for you to go to church."

"Say yes, and I will leave you in peace."

"Well—yes, then!"

All this happened eight years ago, but I remember every word we spoke, and also the shamefacedness with which I went home that Sunday morning and made my confession to Kate, who responded very calmly:

"Why, Molly, I expected it for weeks. Jack took me into his confidence long ago, but I was resolved not to say a word to you, for or against him. Now all has come out exactly right."

At present my huusand has charge of one of the largest churches in Boston. I sit in the minister's pew, and am regarded as a veritable mother in Israel. I preside over the sewing circle, and teach in the Sunday school, and am as happy as possible, but for one thing. It was so very inconsistent in me to marry Jack, and I have never been able to reconcile myself to having done such violence to my principles. To this day it is a "crook in my lot" to remember how suddenly and how easily I abjured my youthful convictions, and gave myself over to a man who combined in himself all my pet qualifications for a husband.

Cultivation of Licorice.

Sacramento County, we believe, is the only one in the State in which licorice is grown. A patch of several acres near Florin is devoted to this root. The plant has been found to thrive and the soil is filled with the roots, which have grown to large proportions and penetrated to a considerable depth. This patch is a demonstration that the plant can be successfully grown in California on suitable soil. But the question of profit remains to be considered. The demand for the root is not great in this State, as little porter is made by California brewers. This is one of the principal uses of the licorice plant. Its main consumption in the United States however, is in the preparation of chewing tobacco, although a considerable quantity is used by druggists. In England licorice juice is largely employed in confectionery, but foreign competition has lessened the production of the root in that country.

The State department at Washington has made the subject of licorice growing a matter for consular inquiry abroad, and a pamphlet embodying the information thus collected has just been issued from the department. It appears that the plant is cultivated throughout the warmer portions of Europe, particularly along the shores of the Mediterranean. Asia Minor supplies large quantities of the root, where it grows wild and needs no cultivation. The export from Smyrna to the United States in 1884 was about 15,000 tons, valued at $318,000. Consul Stevens doubts whether the plant can be profitably grown in the United States, since it can be had in Asia Minor for the mere cost of digging, and labor is worth there only about 20 cents a day. The demand, however, is increasing, and he says the supply from Asia Minor is limited. Other Consuls speak very hopefully of the introduction of licorice culture in the United States. Our total imports of the root must aggregate something like a million dollars' worth per annum. This indicates a fairly good home market for American growers.

Licorice succeeds best on deep, rich soil. Bottom lands, subject to overflow, are preferred. Dry, hot summers are favorable. It takes three years after planting for the roots to mature. Once established in the soil, the plant can scarcely be exterminated. It is propagated by cuttings, and requires little cultivation. To get at the crop it is only necessary to plow up the ground.

Mr. Lea, the Sacramento licorice-grower, last winter refused an offer of 18 cents a pound for his crop, believing that too low. But at that price it is estimated that his crop would pay at the rate of $2,400 net for each acre, or $800 an acre for each year of growth. This ought to be a sufficiently handsome return to suit anybody. The quality of his product is excellent. If California brewers would undertake the manufacture of porter on a considerable scale, they need have no fear of any failure in the supply of licorice, when once the demand is established.

Blowing up a Wreck.

The United States Branch Hydrographic Office here has been notified that the government will send a vessel to the coast of Ireland as soon as one can be had to destroy the hulk of the Philadelphia schooner Twenty-One Friends. The schooner was wrecked on March 25 in a collision with the schooner John H. May while on her way from Brunswick, Ga., to Philadelphia, with a cargo of lumber. She was abandoned off Cape Hatteras and has drifted across the sea, through what is known as the "safe route" between here and Liverpool. A collision with her hulk would be disastrous to the largest of the ocean steamers, and the speedy removal of the wreck is regarded as imperative. The vessel which will be sent to blow her up will also be instructed by the navy department to locate, if possible, the new rocks reported to exist off the coast of Newfoundland, but the existence of which is doubtful.

His Red Checks.

Cal Osborne, a grizzly gambler, who in the good old days "befo' the wah" won and lost many a dollar on the big double-deckers on the lower Mississippi sat on a bale of cotton at the wharf one day last week. There were large rents in the back of his russet coat, and his trousers were infirm with age.

"Times are not what they were," the old sport moaned as he tossed a piece of a red faro check into the river and stroked his chin with a velvety hand. But I saw some pretty hard days in the 60's, though, and my present condition sort o' carries me back to a particularly memorable day in 1863. It was of a Wednesday in June of that year, if I remember aright, that I boarded a steamer at Memphis. I had just enough money to pay my passage to Natchez, but this fact did not worry me any. There were plenty of suckers in those days, and as I was pretty cute in my line of business, the idea of not being able to rake in a hundred or two on a trip never entered my head. We had gone down the river perhaps five miles when I spotted a smooth-looking fellow dealing faro out of hand. There were five Indianians in the game, and as I watched the bets I concluded that the lay out was just too soft for anything. But, as I said before, I didn't have a copper, and what made it all the more discouraging, I had pawned all my jewelry in St. Louis several weeks before.

"I saw that the players were using kernels of corn for checks, and I had also seen while waiting for the boat to start at Memphis that she carried a good-sized cargo of corn in the ear. Now here was my opportunity, I moved away from the game, feeling as though there was but a few short steps between myself and opulence. Sneaking down on the boiler deck, I found an open hatchway, and, thrusting this big right hand into the boats hold, fished up an ear of corn. I jammed the cob into my coat pocket and crept up stairs like a thief, shelling the corn as I went. It was not more than a minute more before I was looking over the shoulders of the players. The game was getting interesting, and the men were piling up the corn on the cards at a great rate.

"Now here was my time.

"I scooped up a handful of kernels in my pocket, and slapped the seeds on the queen. The dealer looked at the kernels a second, and without raising his head, said in a tone of voice so frosty that it chilled me to the bone:

"'Stranger, I don't remember of issuing any red checks.'

"I took in the situation at a glance, and, with a stage cough, slunk away to the bow of the boat and cursed my luck. When that boat reached Natchez I sat on the wharf two whole days watching them unload that corn, and I will eat this old hat if there was another ear of red corn in that whole cargo. Talk about hard luck, friend, that was a little more agonizing than the kind I am playing in now."

Movement of Alpine Glaciers.

It is stated that in accordance with the phenomena of the last few years in the snow regions of the Alps, a constant increase in the snow, and, as a consequence, an early advance of the glaciers has been expected. The latter had actually taken place in the Western Alps. But in 1885 the indications are the same as in 1865. The masses of snow are everywhere considerably decreasing. In the St. Gotthard region, on the Todi, and the surrounding mountain chains, Professor Heim found this summer that the snow had retreated, even as compared with last year. This has had disagreeable consequences. Pastures which formerly had been moistened by the water issuing from small snowfields during the whole of the summer are now dried up. Springs formerly fed by snow water have disappeared. The areas forsaken by snow and glacier are now stony deserts, which will change to pastures only after the lapse of many years. Depressions in the snow, formerly easily crossed, have been turned into dangerous glacier passes. In many places, where formerly the snowfield closely joined the rocks, there are now dangerous chasms, and both glaciers and snow beds, having become thinner, are now more intersected than ever. Looking down from the summit of the Todi on August 16, Doctor Heim was greatly struck by the dirty gray color of the surrounding snow-fields, in contrast to their dazzling whiteness of former years. This is the result, he says, of the continual melting of the snow and the concentration of dust particles on the surface of the melted layers. Extensive slopes, which formerly remained constantly covered by snow, are now completely free from it. It is, therefore, considered probable by him that the growth of the glaciers will take a long time, for it must first be preceded by an accumulation of snow in the snowy regions.

Age, naturally repulsive, requires a mask; and in every wrinkle you may behold the ambush of a scheme; but the heart of youth should be open as its countenance.

Tears are due to human misery, and the woes of mortality affect the heart.

In the noon and afternoon of life we still throb at the recollections of days when happiness was not happy enough

A King's Son Wedded.

The religious marriage of Prince Waldemar of Denmark to Princess Marie Amelie, the lovely daughter of the Comte de Paris, took place with splendid ceremonies in the Church of St. Laurent, near the famous Chateau d'Eu. The civil ceremony took place on Oct. 21st in Paris, and the half-wedded royal pair were borne to Eu on a special train. They were received by the townspeople with acclamation, as the train entered the flag-draped station. A strong force of police was on duty at the station and the chateau, but there was no outbreak of hostile feeling on the part of the republicans of Eu.

The grand nuptial high mass was celebrated in the Cathedral, the Prince and Princess kneeling on prie-dieus before the high altar. The Princess looked lovely in her white satin gown and long white veil. When she rose to be wedded she trembled visibly, and tears were seen to start from her father, the Counte de Paris.

The reception by the bride was wonderfully brilliant in the great hall of the castle. The Chateau d'Eu, the home of the Comte de Paris, where the royal marriage took place, is one of the oldest and most noteworthy of French castles. In architecture not unlike the Tuileries, which the Paris Commune destroyed, and with small, but cosy and luxuriously furnished rooms, it is picturesquely perched on a hill near the mouth of the river Bresle, within sight of the sea, and overlooking the fertile Bresle valley, the old town of Eu and mighty beech forests in which traces are found yet of the invasion of Cæsar's legions and the Roman colonies they established. The main building fronts on an extensive park full of noble old forest trees, many of which possess historic interest. Louis Philippe erected a marble tablet at the entrance to the park with the inscription "C'est ici que les Guises tenaient conseils au XIV. siecle." The Bourbon family's great picture gallery is preserved in the palace. It was scattered during the revolution, but Louis Philippe collected and enlarged it. It was that monarch's favorite residence, and he received Queen Victoria and her court there during his reign. It was built in 1581, and has had many historic and romantic episodes in the three centuries of its existence.

Under the vaulted roof of the Church of St. Laurent adjoining the castle, which was the scene of the ceremony, William the Conqueror wedded the Princess Mathilda 835 years ago. In a bronze urn on a low marble pillar in front of the sanctuary is enshrined the heart of Catharine of Cleves. An image of the Virgin, carved by Anguier, possesses great artistic value. The crypt holds relics of St. Laurent (Lawrence O'Toole), after whom the church is named.

Value of a Wig.

The hair of which wigs are made is collected by special drummers in Germany and France. England and Belgium are but poor markets for hair, not because of its scarcity, for both English and Belgium women have the finest heads of hair in the world, but because they will not sell it. When collected it is put through a cleansing process, severe enough to fetch the dirt out of an elephant's hide, and then dried several times over. The best hair dressers never buy hair from the head or from private hands. To this rule, however, there are two exceptions. Perfectly white hair is so rare that it is grabbed eagerly from any source, and a liberal price given for it. Natural curling hair is also of considerable value. A good wig of white hair costs about forty dollars, and (this is a secret of the trade and can only be told in whispers) the material from which these wigs are made is clipped from the festive goat, and never from the human head. A peculiarly soft, silky kind of snow-white hair originates on the angora rabbit. A perfectly white and abundant wig of white human hair would cost $1,000 at least, a price which few would be willing to pay. Dead hair, i. e., hair cut from the head after death, is never used by any tonsorial artist worthy of the name. Indeed, it cannot be used to any advantage, as it will neither twist, curl nor manipulate. Hair cut from a living head is not dead, a fact which can easily be proved by taking a hair and stretching it out to its utmost capacity. It will then contract quickly to its former position. It will live for a couple of years or more after having been cut, and when it dies, the wig front or switch become limp, rough, dishevelled and useless.

Taxing Bachelors.

There is talk in England of an intention to tax bachelors, and the absurdity of the proposition affords much amusement. But the matter is not so outrageously novel. It has been done before. Who does not know that such a tax was resorted to in old Rome and Greece? Bachelors were heavily taxed, widows were compelled to marry after one year of mourning—some of them may have thought eleven months too long—and at one time a legatee, if unmarried, could not obtain a bequest unless within the space of one hundred days he found some woman to join him in holy wedlock. But we need not go so far back. William III taxed the bachelors in order to carry on his war with France.

"DROPPED DEAD."

The Fate that Overcame "Little Mac" and five other Governors.

Apropos of the sudden death of Gen. Geo. B. McClellan, we note that the New York *Sun*, points out the singular fact that Governor DeWitt Clinton, Governor Silas Wright, Governor William L. Marcy, Governor and Chief Justice Sanford E. Church, and Governor R. E. Fenton, all of New York State, *dropped dead of heart disease, and under quite identical circumstances—each of them dying while reading a letter except Marcy*, who was perusing Cowper's poems!

Hold your hand against the ribs on your left side, front,—the regular, steady beating of the great "force pump" of the system, run by an unknown and mysterious Engineer, is awful in its impressiveness!

Few persons like to count their own pulse beats, and fewer persons still enjoy marking the "thub—thub" of their own heart.

"*What if it should skip a beat!*"

As a matter of fact the heart is the least susceptible to primary disease of any of our vital organs. It is, however, very much injured by certain long-continued congestions of the vital organs, like the kidneys, liver and stomach. Moreover, blood filled with uric acid produces a rheumatic tendency, and is very injurious to healthful heart action,—it often proves fatal, and of course, the uric acid comes from impaired kidney action,

Roberts, the great English authority, says that heart disease is chiefly secondary to some more fatal malady in the blood or other vital organs. That is, it is not the original source of the fatal malady.

The work of the heart is to force blood into every part of the system. If the organs are sound it is an easy task, If they are at all diseased, it is a very, very hard task. Take as an illustration: The kidneys are very subject to congestion and yet, being deficient in the nerves of sensation, this congested condition is *not indicated by pain*. It may exist for years, unknown even to physicians, and if it does not result in complete destruction of the kidneys, the extra work which is forced upon the heart weakens it every year, and—a "mysterious" sudden death claims another victim!

This is the true history of "heart disease,"—so called, which in reality is chiefly a secondary effect of Bright's disease of the kidneys, and indicates the universal need of that renowned specific Warner's safe cure.

B. F. Larrabee, Esq., of Boston, who was by it so wonderfully cured of Bright's disease, in 1879, says that with its disappearance went the distresing heart disorder, which he then discovered was only secondary to the renal trouble.

There is a general impression that the medical profession is not at fault if it frankly admits that heart disease is the cause of death. In other words, a cure of heart disease is not expected of them!

There may be no help for a broken down, worn out, apoplectic heart, but there is a help for the kidney disorder which in most cases is responsible for the heart trouble, and if its use put money and fame into the treasury of the profession instead of into the hands of an independent investigator, every graduated doctor in the world would exclaim of it, as one, nobler and less prejudiced than his fellows, once exclaimed: "It is a God-send to humanity!"

What therefore must be the public estimate of that bigotry and want of frankness which forbids in such cases (because forsooth it is a proprietary article,) the use of the one effective remedial agency of the age?"

"Heart disease," indeed! Why not call such things by their right names? Why not?

"Dead without a moment's warning." This likewise is an untruth! Warnings are given by the thousand. Physicians are "not surprised." They "expected it!" They know what the end will be, but the victim?—"oh no, he musn't be told, you know, it would only frighten him, for there is no help, you know, for it!"

The fate that attended "Little Mac" and the five governors is not a royal and exclusive one—it threatens every one who fails to heed the warnings of nature as set forth above.

HOUSEHOLD.

BULGARIAN chair covers are now adopted as short curtain blinds to dining room or bedroom windows. They are run on a string, and either looped back or left to hang down, according to taste. Occasionally they are fantastically caught up with loops of ribbon or fans; they are also used in very dainty bedrooms as washstand splashers, festooned down one side and across the top of a piece of gold or colored American cloth. The beautiful silk embroidery on these Bulgarian and Turkish chair backs is often carefully cut out and appliqued to satin or velvet, and made up into night-dress cases, glove or handkerchief sachets or album covers. Austrian blankets with their bright colored striping, are often to be seen over beds. Genoese coverlets, more quaint than beautiful. and also Japanese covers, are favorites just at present. For a very smart quilt, cream-colored lace with a broad plush insertion, and a center to match, is fashionable, and is often given as a wedding present. Lace festooned over colored silk is one of the last things in lamp shades. It looks light and pretty, and is often finished off with a bunch of fruit near the top. It is about the depth of a flounce.

WRAPS FOR BABY'S CARRIAGE.—Lovely little wraps for the baby carriage are made of two pieces of flannel—one, for instance, of blue, and one of white; pink the edges of both. If the blue is to serve for a lining, put a pretty design in outline stitch on it, and then catch the blue and white together with a row of feather stitching about two inches from the edge. If you wish to make it still more ornamental, a handsome bow of blue satin ribbon just above the embroidery is handsome. How long it will remain so depends on how well behaved the baby is.

ORNAMENTAL LAMPS.—Nuremburg lamps, in dusky-green dull glass, resting in twisted iron stand, and Nuremburg candlesticks, consisting of a length of curled iron rising like a snake from a shamrock-shaped base, are among the rococo novelties. Dull-green glass with a well-simulated look of age about it, figures in quaint-shaped glasses, water and wine jugs, on well-appointed tables. A hall lamp of novel shape, looks very much like a half-opened parasol of rich painted glass, handle upward, with framework of castiron. Another style of a lamp is that supported on the back of a flying bird—to be seen usually in dining-rooms or libraries. A parrot, seagull, or indeed any bird, can be thus mounted, so that this may be a suggestion to any one with ornithological specimens at their command. Even the bird without the lamp is to be seen suspended by broad ribbon, from some post of vantage.

WIPING OIL CLOTH.—Oil cloth must be wiped perfectly dry as it is washed. Use little soap, and this in tepid water. Change often. A good brush and a piece of dry flannel will make oil cloth look like new, especially if linseed oil or skim milk be well rubbed in after washing. If in addition to these precautions they are varnished annually they are almost indestructible.

An Architect's Opinion.

Mr. Edward Sidel was the chief assistant to the architect for the Exposition Buildings at New Orleans. He writes that he used St. Jacob's Oil with the best effects in a severe case of rheumatism, and recommends it to all similarly afflicted as the quickest and most certain remedy.

The face is the index of the mind.

Catarrh and Deafness.

I HAVE been deaf in one ear ten years, and partially deaf in the other for two months; have been treated by ear specialty doctors and received no benefit. Having used Ely's Cream Balm for about a month I find myself greatly improved, and can hear well and consider it a most valuable remedy. I also had nasal catarrh, with dropping of mucus into my throat and pain over my eyes, which troubles also have entirely disappeared.—D. B. Yates, Lisle, Broom Co., N. Y.

Concealment. like a worm in the bud, feeds on the damask cheek.

Behold the conqueror of all kidney, liver, and urinary diseases—Hunt's Remedy. Sure Cure.

The core of humanity is barbarism. Every man is a latent savage.

TO RESTORE sense of taste, smell or hearing use Ely's Cream Balm. It cures all cases of Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds in the Head, Headache and Deafness. It is doing wonderful work. Do not fail to procure a bottle, as in it lies the relief you seek. It is easily applied with the finger. Price 50 cents at druggists. 60 cents by mail. Ely Bros., Owego, N. Y.

War is a game, which, were the subjects wise, kings could not play at it.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Age is measured by events—not years.

Speedy cure to all diseases of the kidneys or urinary organs by using Hunt's Remedy.

ANAKESIS.

PILES "ANAKESIS" gives instant Relief, and is an infallible CURE for PILES. "ANAKESIS" is sold by Druggists everywhere.—Price, $1.60 per box. PREPAID, by mail. Samples sent FREE. by P. NEU STAEDTER & Co., No. 83 Mercer St. New York. Sole manuf. of "ANAKESIS."

TRUE ECONOMY.

Every one must practice *true* economy to succeed in life. But it is no economy to buy "shoudy" articles; bad Flour, bad Butter and bad Food of any kind are not economical to use at any price; a thousand times worse is a "shoudy" medicine that pretends to cure, but makes the patient worse.

☞As the best food is the cheapest because it is nutritious and strengthening to the whole system, even in small quantities, so is a pure medicine, which cures every time, even in small doses; therefore always keep in mind these *Ten Solid Facts*.

☞"There is more real solid cure in *one bottle* of HUNT'S (Kidney and Liver) REMEDY, for the diseases it is prepared for than in a barrel of the so-called cures; the dose is 20 to 30 drops.

☞It cures, restores, regulates and invigorates the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary organs, creates a marvelous appetite and rebuilds the entire system, and it is "Never known to fail."

☞It will prevent as well as cure, Malaria, Fevers and Rheumatism and all diseases which come from impure blood. Keep the fountain and the springs that supply it, pure, and the stream flowing therefrom will be healthful and life-giving.

☞Special and interesting case of Bright's disease described on second page of our Banner Book

☞HUNT'S (Kidney and Liver) REMEDY purifies the Blood, thereby keeping the Kidneys, Liver, Stomach, Bladder and Urinary organs vigorous with life and action, causing them to free the system from the poisonous waste which brings disease and death.

☞It reaches the seat of the disease at once—removes the cause—stimulates and asserts the functions of the Kidneys, Liver and Urinary organs.

☞Save your health by using HUNT'S (Kidney and Liver) REMEDY, as millions will not recompense the loss of the priceless boon. It will cure Female Weakness, and prevent monthly suffering.

Correspondence freely answered by our Consulting Physician at this office.

☞The largest sales are at the home of the medicine; where it is best known, it is used most extensively and prescribed by 75 physicians. What better endorsement could be offered.

Price $1.25 per Bottle.

Hunt's Remedy Co.,

Prov dence, R. I.

Sold by All Druggists.

Questions Answered!!!!

Ask the most eminent physician

Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for allaying all irritation of the nerves and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, child-like refreshing sleep always?

And they will tell you unhesitatingly

"Some form of Hops!!!"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:

"What is the best remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women"—

"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically *"Buchu!!!"*

Ask the same physicians

"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia; constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malaria, fever, ague, &c.," and they will tell you

Mandrake! or Dandelion!!!"

Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable,

And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed, which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is

Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

CHAPTER I.

"Patients"

"Almost dead or nearly dying"

For years, and given up by physicians, of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs called consumption, have been cured.

Women gone nearly crazy!!!!!

From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness and various diseases peculiar to women.

People drawn out of shape from excruciating pang of rheumatism, inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula.

Erysipelas!

Saltrheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and in fact almost all diseases frail"

Nature is heir to

Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

☞None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

Young Girls

are at a critical period when they are about maturing and developing into women. The lack of watchful care at this time may result in fixing irregularities upon delicate organs and entailing a long list of "female weaknesses." All this may be avoided, and the young woman come through this period clothed in all the beauty and strength of a perfectly healthy organization by the aid of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," prepared especially for female troubles by one of the most successful physicians of the day.

A good bone does not always come to a good dog.

Russell Sage

is a well-known operator in Wall street, who is generally considered as "up to snuff." Hence, it may have been quite natural that a countryman who reads the papers recently called at his office and asked for a package of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. He discovered his mistake, but he made no mistake in the article called for. This Remedy, when applied with Dr. Pierce's "Nasal Douche," will surely and rapidly eradicate the most aggravated case of catarrh, with all its unpleasant and dangerous accompaniments.

Our pleasures have a higher relish when they are but rarely used.

* * * * Male weakness and loss of power promptly cured. Book, 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

A woman's tears are silent orators.

Tested by Time.

For lo these many years has Carboline, the great Petroleum Hair Renewer been used by the people and not a word of complaint. Verily actions speak louder than words.

There is nothing so easy but it becomes difficult when we set about it unwillingly.

What an appetite it gives; how restful it makes my sleep, by using Hunt's Remedy.

NICE ALMOND CAKE.—Very nice almond cakes for coffee or afternoon tea are made by this recipe: Half a pound of butter, half a pound of sifted flour, half a pound of blanched almonds beaten fine in a mortar or grated; two eggs and the grated rind of a half a lemon. Beat the butter to a cream and mix it to a paste with the other ingredients, saving half the sugar and grated almonds to sprinkle over the cakes. When the paste is made roll it out nearly half.

CHEAP FRUIT CAKE.—One cup of butter, one-half cup of molasses, two eggs, one cup of sugar, three cups of flour, one tablespoonful each of cloves and cinnamon, a little nutmeg, one teaspoonful of soda, and fruit to taste. This recipe makes two loaves.

Frazer Axle Grease.

The Frazer Axle Grease is the Standard Axle Grease of the world. Use it and save your horses and wagons. One greasing will last two weeks.

Men's muscles move better when their souls are making merry music.

SKIN DISEASES—"BEESON'S AROMATIC ALUM SULPHUR SOAP," cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Sores, Pimples, all itching Skin Eruptions. 25 cents by Druggists, or by mail. Wm. Dreydoppel, Philadelphia, Pa.

One must be poor to know the luxury of living.

THE MORTALITY REPORTS from all our large cities indicate an increase of disease. Were the blood-corrupting alcoholic poisons, known as medicinal tonics, suppressed by law, and the great invigorator, VINEGAR BITTERS, substituted, death's harvest would not yield so largely as it does. To realize its virtues it is only necessary to give it a trial.

Individuality is everywhere to be spared and respected as the root of everything good.

LYON'S Patent Heel Stiffeners is the only invention that will make old boots straight as new.

The chains of habit are generally too small to be left till they are too strong to be broken.

Relief is immediate, and a cure sure, Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. 50 cents.

RED STAR TRADE MARK. COUGH CURE

Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poison.

SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

ST JACOBS OIL TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY

For Pain Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, etc., etc.

PRICE, FIFTY CENTS. AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

OILING A CRANK.—The palatial steamer Albany was on her daily trip up the Hudson. A number of the passengers had gathered around the open door of the engine room, looking with interest at the movements of the ponderous machinery. Among the passengers was Sam Foster, a New York gentlemen, who is a practical joker. He is a young man of means and was elegantly dressed. He is moreover a very good amateur ventriloquist.

"Now, boys," said Foster, "let us have some fun with the engineer."

A creaking, squeaking noise was heard among the machinery. The engineer was somewhat startled, and he lubricated various and sundry parts of the machinery with great industry and an oil can. The latter contained half a pint of oil.

Foster nudged one of his boon companions in the ribs, and pretty soon the machinery squeaked again. Once more the engineer calmed down a suspected piston by anointing it with his alleviator. The squeaking still continued, and Foster pointed out the place that needed oiling. Once more the engineer took his alleviator, and removing the cork, poured the contents down the back of the festive Foster, and over his $40 suit of clothes.

"There," said the engineer, "I don't think that crank will squeak again in a hurry."

A NICE BREAKFAST DISH.—A very good dish for breakfast may be made of cold beef, mutton or veal. Mince your cold meat very fine, take some stale bread equal in quantity to the meat. break it in small pieces and soak in milk. Put the minced meat and soaked bread in a deep dish or tin pan, layer about, having first seasoned to taste and added a small quantity of chopped parsley. Sprinkle the top layer with fine dry crumbs and add small pieces of butter. A *soupcon* of onion may be added, but it should be cooked before being mixed with the chopped meat, as this dish does not require more than half an hour to brown in a hot oven. This may be either served in the dish in which it is baked, or turned out in a meat dish, and surrounded by a brown gravy made of the soup stock that good cooks always have on hand, and thickened with a dash of browned flour.

ANTIDOTE FOR POISON.—A very effective and instantaneous remedy in almost all cases of poisoning is a heaping teaspoonful of common salt and as much ground mustard stirred rapidly in a teacup of tepid water. It is scarcely down before it begins to come up, bringing with it the remainlng contents of the stomach, and lest there be any remnant of poison, however small, let the white of an egg, sweet oil or butter or lard—several spoonfuls—be swallowed immediately after vomiting.

"HOW DOES this weather affect you, Joe?"

"Doesn't affect me at all. I am used to all extremes."

"You are lucky."

"Lucky? ha ha! List thee, Algernon, while I make clear this thing to thee. The bond of wedlock holds me fast to this. Between my wife and me exists an icy coolness, which is why she oftimes makes it hot for me. Perceivest thou now?"

"If you give me a bite to eat," said a tramp to a washerwoman, "I will hold up your clothesline for you awhile." "Hold up my clothesline? How can you hold up my clothesline?" "Easily enough. I am a foreigner, you know, a Pole."

MENNEMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties*. It contains blood-making, force generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility, also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, over-work or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

"WILL you please give a sick man a few cents to buy some medicine with?" whined a tramp on the station platform.

"Sick, are you? What's the matter?"

"Been sleepin' in barns, an' I have a bad case of hay fever."

Let a man overcome anger by love, evil by good, the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage expressage and $2 carriage hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Happiness can be built on virtue alone, and must of necessity have truth for its foundation.

A laugh to be joyous, must flow from a joyous heart; but without kindness there can be no true joy.

MINCE PIES.—Two pounds fresh beef boiled, and when cold chop fine; one pound beef suet clear of strings and minced to powder; five pounds apples pared and chopped; two pounds raisins seeded and chopped; one pound Sultana raisins washed and picked over; two pounds currants washed and carefully picked over: three-fourths pound citron cut up fine; two tablespoonfuls cinnamon; one powdered nutmeg; two tablespoonfuls mace; one tablespoonful cloves; one tablespoonful allspice, one tablespoonful fine salt; two and a half pounds of brown sugar: one quart sherry, and one pint best brandy.

THE one cheap thing in Japan is the washing, which is well and beautifully done at the laundries in every foreign settlement at the moderate rate of $2.50 for one hundred pieces. The skirt or single piece of the most elaborate frilled and puckered dress is counted in at two and one-half cents, as well as a single handkerchief, and the smallness of the laundry bills is a perpetual surprise and the greatest comfort in life.

GOOD WOMEN

Are noted for the power of keen discrimination and readily detect fraud and appreciate real merit, hence it is you find in our homes, Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is true that every one should take, at this season, a blood-purifier, and cleanse the blood and system of the germs of disease, and it is also true that many diseases are warded off by the timely use of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Its wonderful restoring and renovating properties combined with its power to build up the system, eradicate scrofula and

Cleanse the Blood

of all humors, render it the very best family medicine that can be devised and as a protector from diseases that originate in changes of the seasons, of climate and of life, it cannot be excelled. ☞Price $1.00, six for $5.00. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Dealers.

S. S. S.

Relieved at Last!

"We know a gentleman in this county who, six months ago, was almost a hopeless cripple from an attack of rheumatism. He could scarcely hobble across the room, used crutches, and said himself that he had little if any hope of ever recovering. We saw him in our town last week, walking about as lively as any other man, and in the finest health and spirits. Upon our inquiry as to what had worked such a wonderful change in his condition he replied that S. S. S. had cured him. After using a dozen and a half bottles, he has been transformed from a miserable cripple to a happy, healthy man. He is none other than Mr. E. B. Lambert."—"Sylvania Telephone."

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga., or 157 W. 23d st., N. Y.

A FAMOUS STRENGTHENER.

House wives, shop girls and sales-women all suffer more or less from Weak Back and Sick-ache. Nothing affords such instant relief as a HOP PLASTER applied over affected part. Pains and aches of all kinds are driven out and the parts made over and strengthened. Ask for a HOP PLASTER, made from Burgundy Pitch, Canada Balsam and the virtues of fresh Hops. Sold everywhere. 25c., 5 for $1.00. Send to HOP PLASTER COMPANY, Boston, for circular.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you.

Address DR. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

Palms' Business College, Philadelphia. Terms only $40. Situations furnished. Write for circulars.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Also good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Hay Fever, &c. 50 cents.

OPIUM HABIT. Sure cure in 10 to 20 days. Sanitarium treatment, or medicines by express. 15 years established. Books free. Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

Face, Hands, Feet, and all their imperfections, including Facial Development, Superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, Moth, Freckles, Red Nose, Acne, Pimples, Blackheads, Scars, Pitting & their treatment Dr. John Woodbury, 37 N. Pearl St., Albany, N.Y. Est'd 1870. Send 10c. for book.

OLD COINS WANTED. Send 10c for Catalogue of prices paid. CHARLES J. SCHAYER, 18 Lambert Ave., Boston Highlands, Mass.

LADIES. Agents wanted. It sells at sight; very useful; every woman wants one. Big profits to agents. Invented by woman, sold by woman. Send for circular. MRS. M. H. ANDERSON, 1637 Lexington Ave., New York City.

MITCHELL'S PERFORATED BELLADONNA PLASTERS cure all Aches and Pains. Sure Remedy for that COLD SPOT between the shoulders. Sold by Druggists every where.

A BIG OFFER. To introduce them, we will GIVE AWAY 1,000 Self-Operating Washing Machines if you will send us your name, P. O., and express office at once. The National Co., 25 DEY ST., N. Y.

U. S. STANDARD JONES OF BINGHAMTON

5 TON WAGON SCALES, Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Ten Rods and Beam Box. $60 AND JONES pays the freight—for free Price List mention this paper and address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, Binghamton, N.Y.

PENNYROYAL "CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH"

The Original and Only Genuine. Safe and always reliable. Beware of Worthless Imitations. "Chichester's English" are the best made. Indispensable TO LADIES. Inclose 4c. (stamps) for particulars, testimonials, etc., in letter sent you by return mail. NAME PAPER. Chichester Chemical Co. 2307 Madison Sq., Philada., Pa. PILLS!

Pensions to Soldiers & Heirs. Send stamp for Circulars. COL. L. BINGHAM, Att'y, Washington, D. C. 45 446

CLIMAX Breathe-Free GRADE

R. U. AWARE THAT Lorillard's Climax Plug bearing a *red tin tag*; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf fine cut; that Lorillard's Snuffs, are Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A sure relief for ASTHMA. Price 25 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass.

How to Become QUICK AT FIGURES. Price $1.—All dealers.—Circulars free. —The Woodbury Company, Boston, Mass.—

MORPHINE Chloral and Opium Habits EASILY CURED. BOOK FREE. DR. J. C. HOFFMAN, Jefferson, Wisconsin

WANTED An active Man or Woman in every county to sell our goods. Salary $15 per Week and Expenses. Expenses in advance. Canvassing outfit FREE! Particulars free. Standard Silver-ware Co. Boston, Mass.

$5.45 IN STAPLE GOODS FREE No jewelry receipts or trash; but goods needed in every house, that sell for $5.45 CASH, sent free on receipt of the addresses of 10 persons (18 to 40 years old), and 10 cents to pay for this advertisement and postage on goods. Certain satisfaction. Order now, as this offer is limited. NIAGARA SUPPLY CO. Drawer 106, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Only Temperance Bitters Known.

VINEGAR BITTERS

PURELY VEGETABLE FREE FROM ALCOHOL

D. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA

VINEGAR BITTERS

No other medicine known so effectually purges the blood of deep-seated diseases.

Millions bear testimony to its wonderful curative effects.

It is a purely Vegetable Preparation, made from the native herbs and roots of California, the medicinal properties of which are extracted therefrom without the use of Alcohol.

It removes the cause of disease, and the patient recovers his health.

It is the great Blood Purifier and Life-giving Principle; a Gentle Purgative and Tonic; a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded possessing the remarkable qualities of VINEGAR BITTERS in healing the sick of every disease man is heir to.

The Alterative, Aperient, Diaphoretic, Carminative, Nutritious, Laxative, Sedative, Counter-Irritant, Sudorific, Anti-Bilious, Solvent, Diuretic and Tonic properties of VINEGAR BITTERS exceed those of any other medicine in the world.

No person can take the BITTERS according to directions and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

Bilious, Remittent, Intermittent and Malarial Fevers, are prevalent throughout the United States, particularly in the valleys of our great rivers and their vast tributaries during the Summer and Autumn, especially during seasons of unusual heat and dryness.

These Fevers are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these organs, is absolutely necessary.

There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to Dr. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as it will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

Fortify the body against disease by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus forearmed.

It Invigorates the Stomach and stimulates the torpid Liver and Bowels, which render it of unequaled efficiency in cleansing the blood of all impurities, imparting new life and vigor to the frame, and carrying off without the aid of Calomel, or other mineral medicine, every particle of poisonous matter from the system.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

Scrofula, or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck, Goitre, Scrofulous or Indolent Inflammations, Mercurial Affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin, Sore Eyes, etc. In these, as in all other constitutional Diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS has shown their great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, the BITTERS have no equal. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood.

Mechanical Diseases.—Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Typesetters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, are subject to paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this, take a dose of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald-head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations, Humors and diseases of the Skin of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of the Bitters.

Pin, Tape, and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. No system of medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics, will free the system from worms like the Bitters.

For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, this Bitters has no equal.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

In conclusion: Give the Bitters a trial. It will speak for itself. One bottle is a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

Around each bottle are full directions printed in different languages.

E. H. McDONALD DRUG CO., Proprietors, San Francisco, Cal., and 528, 530 & 532 Washington St., Cor. Charlton St., New York.

Sold by all Dealers and Druggists.

RIDGE'S FOOD

Few people are aware how easily Ridge's Food can be prepared. A housekeeper need never be at a loss for dessert, if there is a can of Ridge's Food always in the house. Recipes for Puddings, Custards, and Blanc Mange with each can. Ridge's Food is now kept by many grocers. Druggists always sell it. Four sizes. No. 4 size cheapest for regular family use.

WORMS In the human body ERADICATED by using CLARK'S WORM SYRUP! INFALLIBLE! An old-time remedy. Safe and effectual in its action. Price 25 cents a bottle. FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

Grind your own Bone. Meal, Oyster Shells, GRAHAM Flour and Corn in the STANDARD MILL (F. Wilson's Patent). 100 per cent. more made in keeping poultry. Also POWER MILLS and FARM FEED MILLS. Circulars and Testimonials sent on application. WILSON BROS., Easton, Pa.

PATENTS Obtained. Send stamp for Inventors' Guide. L. BURNHAM, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Manufactured only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio.

...was taken the lead in the sales of that class of remedies, and has given almost universal satisfaction. MURPHY BROS., Paris, Tex. It has won the favor of the public and now ranks among the leading Medicines of the others. A. L. SMITH, Bradford, Pa. Sold by Druggists. Price $1.00.

THURSTON'S PEARL TOOTH POWDER Keeping Teeth Perfect and Gums Healthy.

Blair's Pills. Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval Box, 72 pills, round, 50 cts.

RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, the successful specialist. Does at once; no operation or delay from business; tested by hundreds of cures. Main Office, 801 Arch St., Phila. Hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., at 3729 North Fifth St., 6 to 9 P. M. Sundays

CONSUMPTION

Have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., NOV. 26, 1885.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

BUSH ARCADE. BUSH ARCADE

Children's Jersey Caps at 15, 25, 30 and 35 cents.

Cashmere Hose for Ladies, full regular made, at 25 cents, in colors and black.

Our Cloths—Trico Home-spun and Jamestown goods are selling rapidly.

By the way we can show you the finest line of 1¼ yard wide Cloths and Trico you ever saw. Our price is 55 cents; not one week 60c, next week 50c, but each week alike—55 cents.

Dress Braids from an ⅛ of an inch to 3 inches wide.

Wool Laces in all colors and widths.

Fedora Buckles and Clasps for dresses.

Wrap Fringes in all shades. Our line is acknowledged to be the finest.

Velvet Ribbon in pink, blue, cardinal and common colors—satin back.

D. GARMAN & SON.

Bush Arcade, - - Bellefonte.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——ORIENTAL is the best in the market.

——Ladies' and men's underwear very low, at Dinges' store.

——All kinds of produce taken in exchange by J. D. Long & Son.

——Try the prepared cocoanut for baking purposes, at Dinges.

——There are a number of cases of typhoid fever in and around Oak Hall.

——Wednesday night it began to rain and continued raining until next morning.

——Dishes of all description, all the latest styles of glassware—J. D. Long & Son.

——Robert Lohr has broken ground for a new house on the lot fronted by the toll-gate.

——How cheap a hog must feel to know that "dressed" she's worth only 4 cents a pound.

——Sheriff Walker had nine boarders, the number may be reduced by this week's court.

——Bellefonte papers complain of dull times and sigh for a boom—how would one in Spring Creek do?

——Corn meal grists will be ground at the Centre Hall roller mill, Tuesday and Saturday of each week. tf

——John Martin has been appointed post-master at Milesburg. Thus one by one the "old cougers" tumble out.

—— Now, when a lady steps into the court-house yard, every fellow about is offering to bet she's after a license.

— Our boro fathers have fixed the width for pavements at five feet. That's not wide enough for a gent and two.

——Thomas Walker, a recent resident of Lock Haven, shot himself on Saturday in a parlor car at Jersey City.

——Monday morning opened with two inches of snow on the ground, and a disagreeable blast of wet snow reigned all day.

——Mr. D. Hess talks of building a new house at Linden Hall next summer, to be occupied by the new merchant, Mr. Ross.

——Reuben Gramley, of Miles, informs us that quite a number of hogs had died down there recently from the hog disease.

——The finest new crop New Orleans baking molasses just received and offered at a special low price, at Dinges' store. Try it once.

——Call and see Reesman's stoves, he has all the new styles and will sell you any kind of a stove from $2 to $3 cheaper than elsewhere.

——Some roughs broke the street lamp in front of the Lutheran church in Aaronsburg. The parties are known and may get into trouble.

——Dinges will sell their entire stock at cost, commencing in December. Bargains offered now. Poultry and produce wanted in exchange.

——Merchant tailoring at the Philadelphia Branch, and satisfaction guaranteed. An experienced head oversees this department. tf

— A widow who keeps tavern across the mountains, thinks that her tavern license covers the whole ground when she wishes to get married.

——Complete line of dry-goods, groceries, hats, caps, boots, shoes and a full line of clothing, at bottom prices, at J. D. Long & Son's.

——On Friday, 27, the valuable farm of Wm. Harter, dec'd, near Aaronsburg, will be offered at public sale. See adv't in another column.

——The people of Aaronsburg have laid between two and three thousand feet of iron pipe this summer, which should last not less than 20 years.

——Jesse Stewart has closed up his brick yard at Millheim, and will not resume work until spring. Dry ground must be used to make pressed brick, which is impossible to get now.

——Charley Diehl, of Montrose, Col., who formerly kept the Farmers' Store, in lower Penns valley, was in Aaronsburg on Saturday. He had been to Philadelphia and New York buying goods

——How to get the REPORTER for nothing: For every new cash name you send us for one year, we will send you the REPORTER four months FREE; for 2 names 8 months free; and for three names one year free, and so on for every additional new name.

——Centre county still has some citizens who never saw a locomotive or a railroad train. It is learned that at least one woman has been made wiser. Christina Freeze, *nee* Schroyer, a lady seventy-four years old and living along the mountain in Brushvalley, midway between Madisonburg and Rebersburg, saw a locomotive Monday, 16, for the first time in her life, when she boarded the car at Coburn on her way to Bellefonte Those who were by when the train approached the Coburn depot say the elderly lady was greatly frightened, but soon became reconciled to the situation, and by the time she reached Bellefonte was highly pleased with the new order of things. She was unable to express her astonishment at what has been accomplished in the way of science during all the years while she lived happy and contentedly on her little farm in Miles twp. She is a woman of some benevolence, and considered in rather good financial circumstances.—*Gazette.*

——BOALSBURG ITEMS.—Chas. Stemm moved from Oak Hall to our town last week.—Mrs. Jacob Harman, of near Lemont, was buried here on Thursday.—The "Buck-tail" hunters, of Harris twp., returned from a ten days' hunt in the Green-woods, near Drift Wood, last week, with five deer.—Mr. F. Kennedy moved to the State College and will take charge of the Mechanical Art department of that institution —The new post-master is well liked.—Merchants are preparing for the holidays.—Butchers are selling fresh pork and sausage at 12 cents per pound, that's cheap.—It is said Dr. F. Moyer intends locating here.

——The esteemed boro' fathers having ordained that Centre Hall side-walk should be five feet has displeased an esteemed citizen and he asks the REPORTER whether our citizens had not better employ an attorney and try it on.

Keep out of the lawyers' hands is our advice—you need a lawyer about as little as would our council. A lawyer is worse than a five-foot side walk, and a five-foot side walk is better than one which is only four feet but not quite as good as a six-foot walk. A lawyer might urge you on but the council would come out ahead.

——There is a disagreeable spell of weather since Monday. Snow came down all the time making any quantity of slush. A fierce wind prevailed during all this time, though the temperature was scarce to the freezing point. On Tuesday evening snow lay about 8 inches deep and would have been 18 had not much of it melted shortly after falling. Wednesday still kept snowing.

——Last Saturday morning the ground was covered with half an inch of snow—just enough for Charley Arney to make it hot for rabbits. Next we expect to hear the jingle of the merry sleigh bells, then

Heap on more wood,
Heap on more coal,
As though you would,
Bring blessings to each needy soul,
While wint'ry blasts without do groan,
Forbid that elsewhere want be shown.

——Abe Kerlin, we are informed, has an eye on Simon Ruble's water power for some industrial enterprise no doubt This is one of the finest and most reliable water powers in the county, and if Mr. Kerlin does not purchase the Stone-mill site it affords a good chance for any one else as an investment. We have no doubt Mr. Ruble would sell at a low figure.

——Gen. Beaver and Hon. J. B. Linn were in town the other day, and concluded to fence in and make side walks in front of some of their lots near the station as a model. They say Centre Hall can be made one of the most attractive little towns in the state, by a little pains of our citizens. Jess so.

——Times being dull, the REPORTER makes the following offer to raise the wind: Any couple wanting to get its marriage license free of cost can do it by subscribing for and paying the REPORTER one year in advance We'll set up the stamps for the other, and throw in a pair of socks for wee little feet besides.

——Centre Hall has a school board without schools—the township board has our schools under its control until the close of the year, in June. The borough board can thank its stars for this—having nothing to do they will at least escape the cussing, the usual thanks active school directors get.

——Goldsmith Brothers, proprietors of the Bee Hive, come to the front this week in a new advertisement which we recommend all of our readers to scan very closely Cut it out and take it with you when you go to Bellefonte to do your shopping in order to satisfy yourself of the truth of their announcement.

——There is quite a lively competition in barley, and the price has been run up from 40 to 65 cents. Whether this will make the beer glass smaller or the price of the beverage higher we do not know, much less care, it's none of our funeral for we don't quench our thirst with barley juice.

——Our improvements: Howard Homan has commenced on his new house. The foundry company are ready to raise the frame work of their new store room. Mr. Fleisher has broken ground for a new house. Lots have been lately sold for half dozen more houses.

——Nearly all stylish shoes worn within ten miles from Bellefonte are bought at Mingle's, in the Brockerhoff house block, which is admitted by all to be headquarters for boots and shoes. Ladies will find Mingle's assortment unsurpassed for elegance.

——An esteemed citizen of the outskirts was made believe that a boro' meant that its citizens could borrow just what they wanted. He swore that none of 'em should boro' any thing from him. That's pluck, for once.

——Whenever you have a gun that you think "aint loaded" and want to snap it at anybody, always wait until the life insurance agent comes around, then aim—otherwise some innocent fellow might get hurt.

Department Commander Curtin is kept busy visiting and reviewing Grand Army Posts in various parts of the state. He is making a good record and winning golden opinions from Pennsylvania veterans.

——Rev. Luther A. Gotwald, D D., of York, Pa., has accepted a call to Springfield, Ohio. Dr Gotwald is a native of Aaronsburg, and one of the prominent ministers of the Lutheran church.

CENTRE HALL'S BOOM.

THE IMPROVEMENTS OF TEN MONTHS.

Improvements that are to Follow.

Since January last Centre Hall has exhibited quite a spirit of improvement, with very solid results to show for it at this writing. We do not think that any town in the county can show up as favorably, according to population. Taking in some of the smaller improvements not given in the list below, we think we can safely say the aggregate will reach the handsome sum of $50,000—which is pretty good for a pretty little town. The REPORTER will keep on sounding the advantages of location, health, good water, fine churches, good schools, mill and other facilities, surrounded by a rich agricultural country, to attact the attention of men who want just such a point to locate in and invest. We might add that our business men might help themselves, the town generally, and the REPORTER by advertising through its columns more liberally and not be afraid to let outsiders know that there is business snap and tact in Centre Hall. People abroad judge a place from the business ad's in the columns of its newspaper The REPORTER has been the main lever to bring Centre Hall into notice abroad and help on its improvements at home; we will be pardoned for this allusion to its own efforts, being proud of the good that has been done.

The following is a list of the improvements in the last ten months, with an estimated cost which is not too high:

Mr. Grenoble, grainhouse, etc	$ 1,600
W. Bartholmew, store, dwelling, etc	3,000
F. Kurtz, roller mill, 2 houses, etc	15,000
R. R. Depot, etc	1,200
J. O. Deininger, planing mill	1,600
A. Kerlin, house, etc	1,400
Jas. Smith, house, etc	800
Miss Snyder, house, etc	800
Mrs. Brisbin, house	500
Reformed Parsonage, etc	1,800
D. C. Keller, stable	500
Evangelical Parsonage, etc	1,200
M. Musser, house	600
John Spangler, on house	500
Chas. Bollinger, shop	175
Lutheran Church	11,000
W. Henny, shop	500
Wm. Wolf, on house	500
Water Company, extension	1,025
Total	$45,000

As we say above, other minor improvements would swell this to $50,000.

We are glad to say that this is not to be the end. Quite a number of new houses are already fixed on, and ground has been broken for some. These are

J. O. Deininger, house and stable.
D. Fleisher, house and stable,
A. S. Kerlin, 2nd house.
James Lohr, house and stable.
D. C. Runkle, " "
H. Homan, " "
John Dauberman, house and stable.
John Krumbine, house.
George Krumbine, house.
Foundry Comp., large warehouse.
D. Lohr, new house.
F. Kurtz, 2 new houses.
Wilson estate, new house.

In addition to these there is talk of others most of which are just as certain as any of the above. Thus it will be seen that the future looks bright.

Our citizens can do much to help along the town in standing by its interests, encouraging its business men and those who engage in solid enterprises and thereby furnish employment for mechanics and laboring men right along.

MORE OF SMITH.

J. Harvey Smith, the lumberman who claimed to have been robbed, was still in the city Thursday visiting the saloons and treating the crowd A friend put him on board of the 4 o'clock train and tried to induce him to go home, but before the train started he changed his mind and allowed it to start without him. Late in the night he came into the bar room of a hotel with his $500 government bond in his hand and wanted to sell it for $400. Some one should take charge of Smith and see to it that he goes home.—Wms'port *Sun and Banner*, 19.

Our Coburn correspondent denies that Smith is of intemperate habits.

MAKE $20 FOR CHRISTMAS.

The publishers of "Rutledge's Monthly" offer 12 valuable rewards in their Monthly for December, among which is the following:

We will give $20 to the person telling us what is the shortest verse in the new Testament Scriptures (not the revised edition,) and in which book and chapter it can be found, by Dec. 10, '85. Should two or more correct answers be received, the reward will be divided. The money will be forwarded to the winner Dec 15 Persons trying for the reward must send 20 cents in silver or postal notes, (no stamps taken) with their answer, for which they will receive the Monthly for January, in which the name and address of the winner of the reward and the correct answer will be published, and in which several more valuable rewards will be offered. Address, RUTLEDGE PUBLISHING Co., Easton, Pa.

DEAD BESIDE THREE EMPTY BOTTLES.

Philadelphia, No. 20.—The body of Frank B. Niehaus, about 26 years of age, a resident of Huntingdon, Pa., was found dead in bed this morning at Berger's Hotel, northeast corner of Fifteenth and Filbert streets. The deceased had been a guest for the past three days and little was seen of him by the clerks, who say that he spent most of his time in his room. When the Coroner's messenger visited the hotel this morning he found three empty bottles that had contained liquor lying on the bed beside the corpse, and another bottle partly filled with whisky grasped in his right hand, as though death had overtaken the young man just as he was about to take another draught.

Cold feet—two feet of snow. Bad cold—one settled on the lungs. Good cure—Dr. Kessler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine.

Dr. Sawbones says the surest way to take a cold is to be always hugging a stove. Young man, remember this, and when you go to see your girl on Sunday night don't spend your time hugging the stove; but if you do get a cold Dr. Kessler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine can be relied upon to cure you.

Did it ever occur to you, thoughtful and prudent reader, that Dr. Kessler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine must be an article of real merit, or how could the manufacturer ever be able to advertise "money refunded to dissatisfied purchasers." Sold by J D Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co.,
Philadelphia Agents.

THE DEAD SEA.

The Dead Sea is an old and decripit salt lake in a very advanced stage of evaporation. It lies several feet below the level of the Mediterranean, just as the Caspian lies several feet below the level of the Black Sea; and as in both cases the surface must once have been continuous, it is clear that the water of either sheet must have dried up to a considerable extent. But while the Caspian has shrunk only to eighty-five feet below the Black Sea, the Dead Sea has shrunk to the enormous depth of 1,292 feet below the Mediterranean. Every now and then some enterprising De Lesseps or other proposes to dig a canal from the Mediterranean to the Dead Sea, and so re-establish the old high level. The effect of this very revolutionary proceeding would be to flood the entire Jordan valley, connect the Sea of Galilee with the Dead Sea, and play the dickens generally with Scripture geography, to the infinite delight of Sunday school classes. Now, when the Dead Sea first began its independent career as a separate sheet of water on its own account, it no doubt occupied the whole bed of this imaginary engineer's lake—spreading, if not from Dan to Beersheba, at any rate from Dan to Edon, or, in other words, along the whole Jordan valley, from the Sea of Galilee and even the Waters of Merom, to the southern desert. (I will not insult the reader's intelligence and orthodoxy by suggesting that he may not be precisely certain as to the exact position of the Waters of Merom; but I will merely recommend him just to refresh his memory by turning to his atlas, as this is an opportunity which may not again occur.) The modern Dead Sea is the last shrunken relic of such a considerable ancient lake. Its waters are now so very concentrated and so very nasty that no fish or other self-respecting animal can consent to live in them, and so buoyant that a man can't drown himself, even if he tries, because the sea is so saturated with salts of various sorts till it has become a kind of soup or porridge, in which a swimmer floats, will he, nill he. Persons in the neighborhood who wish to commit suicide are therefore obliged to go elsewhere; much as in Tasmania, the healthiest climate in the world, people who want to die are obliged to run across for a week to Sydney or Melbourne.

SKUNKS IN THE FAR WEST.

The skunks are a nuisance in more ways than one. They are stupid, familiar beasts, with a great predilection for visiting camps to pick up any scraps of meat that may be lying about. I have time and again, known a skunk to spend several hours of the night in perseveringly digging a hole underneath the logs of a hut, so as to get inside among the inmates. The animal then hunts about among them, and of course no one will willingly molest it; and it has often been known to deliberately settle down upon and begin to eat one of the sleepers. The strange and terrible thing about these attacks is that in certain districts and at certain times the bite of the skunk is surely fatal, producing hydrophobia, and many cowmen, hunters and soldiers have died from this cause. There is no wild beast on the plains, no matter what its size and ferocity, so dreaded by plainsmen as this seemingly harmless little beast. Once a number of us, among whom was a huge, happy go-lucky Scotchman who went by the name of Sandy, were sleeping in a hut, when a skunk burrowed under the logs and got in. Hearing it move about among the pans, Sandy struck a light, was much taken by the familiarity of the pretty black-and-white little animal, and, as it seemed in his eyes a curiosity, took a shot at it with his revolver. He missed, and for a wonder, the skunk retired promptly without taking any notice of the attack, and the rest of the alarmed sleepers, when informed of the cause of the shot, cursed the Scot up hill and down dale for having so nearly brought dire confusion on them all. The latter took the abuse very philosophically, merely remarking, "I'm glad a didn't kill him mysel; he seemed such a decent wee beastie." The sequel proved that neither Sandy nor the skunk had learned anything by the encounter, for half an hour after the "decent wee beastie" came back, and this time Sandy fired at him with fatal effect. Of course the result was a frantic rush of all hands from the hut, Sandy exclaiming with late but sincere repentance, "A did na ken t'wad cause such a tragadie."

VENOM OF A BEE.

The venom of a bee being acid, its effects may be neutralized by the application of an alkali, such as a very small quantity of liquor potassæ, applied with a camel's hair brush. A remedy which is generally at hand will be found in finely-cut smoking tobacco. A pinch of this should be laid in the hollow of the hand and moistened; it should then be worked with the thumb and forefinger of the other hand till the juice excluded is quite dark-colored. This should then be applied to the part affected, using the moist tobacco as if it were a sponge, between the thumb and finger. As soon as the tobacco gets dry a little more moisture should be added, and the juice pressed upon the inflamed spot for five or ten minutes, and if this application is resorted to immediately, it is a certain cure. Road mud, wet, is also good.

Much damage was done by floods in California.

SERVIAN WAR NEWS.

Belgrade, Nov 23.—An official report says that King Milan has brought his force into operation with the Drina and Moravia divisions, and that a decisive attack on Slivnitza is imminent. It also states that if King Milan is victorious he will agree to an armistice, so as to allow the Conference of the Powers to settle the terms of peace.

London, Nov. 23.—Advices from Tzaribrod state that the weather there is terribly severe. Dragoman Pass is blocked with snow, and the roads across the mountains are impassable. The Drina division forced its way through after a hand-to-hand struggle in Saturday's fight and joined the main Army before Slivnitza.

Belgrade, Nov. 23.—A rumor is current here that Slivnitza has fallen. No official confirmation of the report has been received. Orders have been sent here to delay the formation of the Second Reserve Division, as it is not needed at present.

London, Nov. 23.—Dispatches from Servia are silent with regard to yesterday's battle, with the exception of a vague statement that the Bulgarians are retreating. The public at Belgrade are anxious and alarmed King Milan, it is stated, desires to retrieve his losses before agreeing to an armistice.

Sofia, Nov. 23 —After a stiff battle yesterday afternoon the Servians were driven out of Dragoman Pass by the Bulgarians, who then occupied the Pass.

THOUSANDS SAY SO.

Mr. T. W. Atkins, of Girard, Kansas writes: "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers, they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers." Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known, and will positively cure kidney and liver complaints, purify the blood and regulate the bowels. No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of doctor's bills every year. Sold at 50 cents a bottle at J. Zeller & Son's drug store, Bellefonte.

A WALKING SKELETON.

Mr. E. Springer. Mechanicsburg, Pa., writes: "I was afflicted with lung fever and abscess on lungs, and reduced to a walking skeleton. Got a trial bottle of Dr. King's new Discovery for Consumption, which did me so much good that I bought a dollar bottle. After using three bottles I found myself once more a man, completely restored to health, with a hearty appetite, and a gain in flesh of 48 pounds." Call at J Zeller & Son's drug store, Bellefonte, and a get a free trial bottle of this certain cure for all lung diseases. Large bottles, $1

Ayer's Sarsaparilla thoroughly cleanses the blood, stimulates the vital functions, and restores the health and strength. No one whose blood is impure can feel well. There is a weary, languid feeling, and often a sense of discouragement and despondency. Persons having this feeling should take Ayer's Sarsaparilla to purify and vitalize the blood.

Vertigo, hysterics, convulsions—all nervous disorders in fact—are cured by Samaritan Nervine.

"My wife had fits for 35 years," said Henry Clark, of Fairfield, Mich. "Samaritan Nervine cured her." Your Druggist keeps it. $1.50.

It will not disappoint you. It is the best article known for purifying the blood and building up the health and strength. For 25 years erysipelas broke out in blotches on my face. I found no cure until I used Parker's Tonic two years ago. It is the medicine for me.—E. C. H. nov

"We do not have to recommend Parker's Hair Balsam but once," writes C. A. Burger, druggist, of Liberty, N. Y. "After that it stands on its record." It stops failing hair, restores original color, softness and gloss. Exceptionally clean, prevents dandruff. nov

We take pleasure in recommending Hall's Hair Renewer to our readers. It restores gray hair to its youthful color, prevents baldness, makes the hair soft and glossy, does not stain the skin, and is altogether the best known remedy for all hair and scalp diseases.

IF YOY WAKE UP

in the morning with a bitter, bad taste in your mouth, take Simmons Liver Regulator. It corrects the bilious stomach, sweetens the breath and cleanses the furred tongue.

If you have malaria, or troubled with dyspepsia, biliousness, languor or loss of appetite, try one bottle of Keller's Catarrh Remedy. It will work wonders. It is a positive cure. See advt.

Erysipelas and salt rheum was driven entirely away from Mrs. J. C. Henderson, Peshtigo, Wis., by Burdock Blood Bitters. No equal as a blood purifier.

——After Sept. 1 our stock of zephyrs, yarns, embroidery and knitting silks, and everything pertaining to the line of fancy work, will be complete and kept up as it formerly was at our old stand before the fire. GOLDSMITH BROS.

——Merchant tailoring in all its branches done at the Philad. Branch. A tailor of long experience superintends all work, and utmost satisfaction guaranteed. tf.

——Our stock of fall and winter woolens is now in, and on all orders for the next 30 days, we will allow a discount of 10 per cent. GOLDSMITH BROS.,
Merchant Tailors, Bellefonte, Pa.

CENTRE HALL LOTS.—Building lots, ¼ mile east of Centre Hall station, for sale. Prices, $100, $110 to $115 per lot. Payments easy. 3m FRED KURTZ.

MARRIED.

In Poe valley, at the residence of Conrad Lingle, on Nov. 22, by W. J. Thompson, J. P., John C. Shunk and Mrs. Maggie Tompson, both of Gregg twp.

On Nov. 19, by Rev. Z. A. Yearick, at Aaronsburg, Adam Grenoble and Mrs. Mary Reninger, both from Penn Hall.

PROPOSALS.—Sealed proposals for the building of a school house in Egg Hill subdistrict will be received by the board of directors up to 2 o'clock p. m., Saturday, Dec. 12, at which time board will meet at Centre Hill to consider proposals. Bids will also be received for the old schol building in said sub-district. The right reserved to reject any or all bids. For further information see specifications in hands of Secretary of the board, one mile east of Centre Hill

W. A. KERR, J. L. NEFF,
Secy Potter School Dist. President,

PUBLIC SALE OF WAGONS, BUGGIES, HARDWARE, &c.—The undersigned will offer at public sale, to make room for other goods, at CENTRE HALL, on Saturday, DECEMBER 12, at 1 o'clock, the following: One buggy, spring wagon, family rig, 2-seated cutter, buggy bodies, spokes, hubs, fellows, wheels, buggy gearing, picture frames, paper, books, envelopes, tools, skillets, pots, boilers, pans, picks, grub-hoes, saw plates, iron and steel and a lot of other articles. J. U. DINGES.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE—Letters testamentary upon the estate of Margaret A. Woods, late of Gregg twp, dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement. 18nov6t S. A. WOODS, Ex'r.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE, AT CENTRE HALL.—The undersigned offers his large 2-Story Brick Dwelling House and Lot at private sale. Stable and all other outbuildings are also of brick, except corn-crib and ice house. All buildings are new. Choice fruit on the lot, and a cistern near the door. Heater in cellar can be bought with property if desired. Will be sold very cheap. For further information apply to H. E. ZERBE,
21oct2m Centre Hall.

VALUABLE FARM AT PUBLIC SALE.—The undersigned heirs of William Harter, dec'd, late of Aaronsburg, Centre Co., Pa., will expose on the premises, one mile southeast of Aaronsburg, on

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1885,

the following valuable real estate, to wit:

No. 1. All that certain tract of land situate in Haines township, county and state aforesaid, CONTAINING 105 ACRES, more or less, bounded north by lands of Jesse Wert, east by John Bower, et, al., and west by Luther Kurtz and public road, south by Jacob Bower, et. al., on which is erected a GOOD DWELLING HOUSE, BANK BARN, and all other necessary out buildings. Good ORCHARD, Good Fruit, and Excellent Water near the door. This land is all clear and under a good state of cultivation, excepting about 15 ACRES, which is well timbered with White Pine and Oak.

No. 2. A piece of mountain land situate two miles east of Coburn, county and state aforesaid, bounded by lands of Adam Jordon, Michael Stover, et. al., containing about 10 ACRES, more or less. This tract is well set with Chestnut and Rock Oak Timber

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock a. m., when due attendance will be given and terms of sale made known For further information apply to Jonathan Harter, Millheim. THE HEIRS.

MARKETS.

Reported by EVANS BROS., Produce Commission Merchants, No 56 North Water St., Philad.

Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Cheese and all kinds of Country produce. Quick sales, good prices and quick returns.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 23, 1885.

BUTTER.			
Creamery, Penn'a, extra			26
" Western "			26
EGGS.			
Penn'a, Del and Md., per. doz	crates		27
" " "	bbls		26
Western, ex brands "	crates		24
LIVE POULTRY.			
Fowls, straight, nearby	per lb		9
" mixed "	"		9
" Western, straight	"		9
" " mixed	"		8
Chickens, Spring	"		9½
Roosters	"	6	7
Ducks, Spring	"		10
Turkeys	"		12
DRESSED POULTRY.			
Turkeys, extra, young	per lb		14
" poor to medium	"		10
" old toms	"		12
Spring Chickens, dry picked	"		13
" " scalded	"		10
" Ducks	"		12
LIVE CALVES AND SHEEP.			
Calves, Del & Md, prime	per lb		7½
" Fair to good	"	5	5½
" Common stock	"	3	4
Sheep, prime	"		3½
Lambs, extra	"		6
Live Cattle	"		5
Hogs, live	"		5
Pigs, live	"	4	5
Dressed Pork	"	5½	6
NUTS.			
Chestnuts, per bushel	$2 00		2 25
Shellbarks, do	80		90
Walnuts, do	50		55
FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.			
Cabbage	per basket		35
"	per 100		$3 00
Apples, new	per bbl		2 00
Potatoes, Early Rose	per bus	48	52
" Burbanks, choice	"		55
" Mixed Lots	"		45
Sweet Potatoes	per basket	35	40
" Jersey, extra	"	1 90	2 00
" Md	"		1 50
HAY AND STRAW.			
Timothy, choice	per ton		$16 00
" fair	"	12 00	15 00
Cut Hay	"		22 00
Rye Straw	"		19 00
Wheat Straw	"		10 00
Oat Straw	"		9 50
SEEDS.			
Timothy	per bu	1 90	2 00
Clover	per lb		9½ 10
Flax	per bu		1 40
CHEESE.			
N Y Factory, choice			11½
Ohio, fat, fine			10½
DRIED FRUIT.			
Pitted Cherries	per lb	9	11
Raspberries	"		17
Blackberries	"	7½	8
Dried Peaches, unpeeled	"		4½
do pared	"		10
Apples, ¼s	"		3
do sliced	"		4
BEANS.			
New Marrow	per bus		2 00
Old do	"		1 90
Marrow Pea Bean	"		2 00
White Kidney Bean	"		2 10
Red do do	"		2 20
Green Peas	"		1 25
WOOL.			
Tub-Washed	per lb	32	33
Unwashed	"	22	24
FEATHERS.			
Choice Geese	per lb		50
Prime "	"	47	49
Chicken	"	4	5
Turkey, as to quality	"	7	8
Duck	"	25	30
HIDES			
Hides, Dry	per lb	10	12
Calf, Salted	"	11	13
Hides, Green, Steer	"	4½	6
" " Cow	"	5	5½
" " Bull	"	4	4½
" Salted Steer	"	8½	9
" " Cow	"		9
Sheep Skins, per piece		25	75
MISCELLANEOUS.			
Lard, Country lots, prime	per lb	6¼	7½
Tallow, Solid	"		7
" Cake	"		5½
Honey in Comb	"	10	11
Country Soap	"	5	6

☞Price Current Subject to Market Fluctuation

Philadelphia, Nov. 2, 1885.
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Wheat	"	85½	—91
Corn	"	40	—50
Oats	"	25½	—36
Pork	"	8 55½	
Lard	"	5 87½	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker
23South Third Street.

SPRING MILLS MARKET

Wheat—Red	85
White & Mixed	85
Rye	56
Corn, 48 shelled, and ears old	50
Oats	30
Buckwheat	50
Barley	40
Cloverseed large	5 00
Cloverseed small	6 00
Timothy seed	2 00
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00
Roller Flour, per barrel	6 50
Butter 1 tallow, 6; lard, 8; ham, 12; shoulde 8; bacon or sides 8; eggs per dozen, 12 cents.	

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 3.00; Chestnut, 4.75; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.

CENTRE HALL MARKETS.

PRODUCE AT THE STORES.

Butter	16	Eggs	14
Ham	15	Sides	8
Shoulders	6	Potatoes	35

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GRAIN

Wanted at the Centre Hall ROLLER MILL, for which the following prices are paid:

Red wheat	$ 90	Shelled Corn	$ 40
White and mixed	65	Oats	25
Barley	70	Rye	35